The Middlebury Campus

Since 1905

Volume 92 Number 6 | Middlebury, Vermont | Thursday, October 21, 1993

Council debates hazing and new social houses

By James M. Oleske

In a busy afternoon session Monday, the Community Council discussed two issues which promise to affect the future of the house system on campus.

At the beginning of the meeting, the council briefly discussed and approved a letter to the college community regarding the creation of additional social houses and academic-interest houses (see page 7 of this issue). The council, which states in the letter that applications for new houses will be accepted until Nov. 23, explains that at the present time, the creation of new social houses has been given priority over new academic interest houses.

According to the letter, the Community Council's "preliminary findings suggest that the addition of one or two additional social houses is feasible," yet "we question whether the academic interest house system should be expanded until the existing houses have been given a better chance to realize their potential."

Heather Dorf '94, who is president of the Inter-House Council (IHC), a body consisting of the leaders of the four social houses on campus, said that the letter "was consistent with the SGA survey taken last year which revealed a desire to create new social houses."

Also on the Community Council's agenda Monday was a proposed anti-hazing policy for the social houses. Presented by the IHC with the approval of the Residential Life Committee, the policy includes

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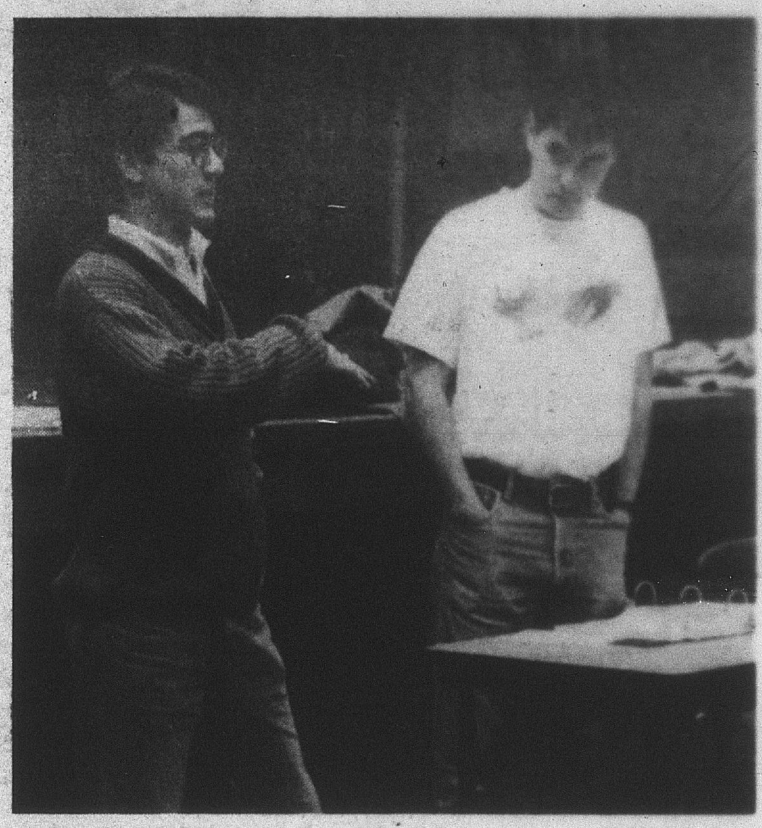


Will Dobson '94 seeks funds for conference. *Lindsay Lutton*

SGA tables controversial house bill

By R. Jon Rabinowski

The Student Government Association (SGA) meeting Sunday night saw the introduction of a new committee, but the primary point of interest for students lies in what was not done this week.

After the much hollyhowed introduction of a social house bill at the previous SGA meeting, the authors of the bill decided to table it so that they could improve the bill.

According to Heather Dorf '94, an author of the bill and the president of the Inter-House Council (IHC), there is work to be done before discussion in the SGA can resume. "Unless we can give the community something to work with, the bill is incomplete," she said. "Right now we're brainstorming, talking to people and to the social houses so that we can come up with a more specific plan," she explained.

John Emerson, Vice President for Student Affairs, felt that the decision to set the bill aside for now was a good idea. "[Tabling the bill] will allow more people to become educated around the issues and what the implications might be... and hopefully they'll be able to generate a creative solution [for the selection problem]."

The reasons for the delay center on the issue of member selection by the social houses. In its current form the bill states that "at the end of the rush period, houses may select a group of students to join their particular houses from the pool of applicants." This line in the bill conflicts with the position of the college in the handbook, which states that membership in the houses is open to all students.

Prior to tabling the bill, the SGA took up a funding request from Will Dobson '94 who is organizing an advisory council composed of small college delegates throughout the northeast. The organization, tentatively titled the New England Small College Association, will be comprised of student government members from most of the schools who participate in the New England Small College Athletic Conference

(continued on page 5)

Students petition to increase psychology staff

By Katharine Loos

A student petition with 172 signatures, submitted to President McCardell last Friday, asks the administration to address the overcrowding in classes and understaffed faculty plaguing the Psychology Department this semester.

Four of the seven professors in the department left last spring, and only two new professors were hired for this fall, leaving two vacancies. The department is teaching four fewer classes than last fall term because of their reduced staff. Several of the current classes have waiting lists, including abnormal psychology, which has 41 students enrolled and an original waiting list of 41 students.

Two junior psychology majors, Jason Deschaine and Jennifer Hann, initiated the petition, which urges the administration to ameliorate the current situation. "We went around to every psychology class this year, told people the situation and asked them to sign or write a personal letter," said Hann. In addition to the 172 signatures, five personal letters were included with the petition when it was delivered to President John McCardell's office Friday, Oct. 15.

Overcrowding was so severe in the beginning of the year that "classes have had to change locations because students were sitting on the floor," said Hann. Because of the shortage of professors, only one senior seminar, instead of the usual two, is being offered and it has 21 students, exceeding the usual 15 student limit followed by the department in the past for such classes.

Deschaine wrote in his letter to the administration that "as I enter my junior year at Middlebury, I feel both abandoned and betrayed. The 'effective student faculty ratio of approximately 11:1,' which Middlebury boasts of in the opening pages of its catalog, certainly does not exist in the Department of Psychology."

The department, which is chaired by Professor Marc Riess, requested that all four positions be filled when the professors left. However, according to Riess, the department was "not authorized to replace all four." A professor who will be returning from leave in the spring will bring the total number of professors up to six, still one shy of the seven teaching last year.

The understaffed department poses problems for the remaining faculty. "If we let 150 people into a lecture class," said Reiss, "that means 10 discussions of 15 students each. And who can teach a class with all those discussions?"

Riess is currently proposing to the Teaching Resources Committee that a professor be found for the remaining position.

Eric Davis, dean of academic planning and member of the Teaching Resources Committee, said of the student petition, "We are taking the matter under advisement." Davis added that, "What is driving the psychology situation is the increase in the number of science majors the past few years. Psychology is at an intersection between the social sciences and the natural sciences."

Davis declined to explain the rationale behind the Teaching Resource Committee's decision regarding the Psychology Depart-

(continued on page 5)

DKE alumni celebrate homecoming

Alumni of the DKE fraternity, who are involved in a lawsuit with the college, posted banners outside the alumni-owned house in anticipation of their annual homecoming party. *Tiffany Claflin*

Phone-a-thon supports Annual Fund

By Will Clark

To Middlebury students, the colors of fall may mean nothing more than the approach of winter, but talking about the leaves can keep you from paying $30,000 to see them next year. The reason is the annual Alumni Phone-a-thon, being held October 31 to November 2 and the following Sunday through Tuesday, November 7-9.

The Student Alumni Association will be heading the phone-a-thon, which co-President Heather Driscoll '94 says is "not like telemarketing or anything . . .we talk to the alumni and ask for their support for the Annual Fund." Sometimes the conversations can last for twenty minutes as alumni ask about the weather, the leaves or mention their concerns about Middlebury.

Pledges collected during the drive are placed in the Annual Fund, the size of which helps determine tuition rates for next year. "When you're a student, its hard to believe tuition pays only 66% of your costs," said Ann Crumb '71, Director of Annual Giving.

The Operating Budget for the College is composed of tuition and fees, income from the endowment, and the Annual Fund. According to Matt Leroux '92, assistant director of annual giving, the goal for this year's Annual Fund is $2 million

(continued on page 3)

INSIDE

Opinions

Rodda's pictorial commentary on DKE page 6

Sports

Homecoming round-up, page 28

Opinions.....6
Features.....11
Arts.....17
In Depth.....23
Sports.....28

John Turner

College Shorts

Never too young to matriculate

Spring Arbor College has accepted its youngest student ever, 11 year-old Robert Waddle. Last year Waddle was a fifth-grader, but things changed quickly after he scored 25 out of a possible 36 on the ACT exam and enrolled at Spring Arbor for the fall semester.

Waddle reported that he is adjusting well to campus life, but that he is busy with course work. His first semester's workload: English composition, geography, algebra and Spanish.

Drake U. changes song

Drake University has changed its fight song to make it gender-neutral and to make it reflect the true composition of the university's sports teams. Michael R. Ferrari, Drake's president, said the songs original lyrics, referring only to Drake men, were inappropriate at a campus with a large number of female athletes.

A verse, "The man who wears the D," has been changed to "The one who wears the D," while "True Drake son" is now "A true Drake alum." Jack E. Buss, a 1957 graduate who revised the lyrics, said he did not mind the change in lyrics. The original song was written before World War I.

Student's art seen as threat

A black student at Ithaca College is being disciplined because of his controversial art project. Justin M. Chapman, a senior at Ithaca, devised a project which placed nooses and the names of well-known African Americans on trees around campus. The names included Lani Guinier and Malcolm X.

Administrators feared that the display was an attempt at intimidation by white racists, and they ordered the display removed. Chapman acknowledged placing the nooses, which he said was a project designed "to provoke reaction, thought, and discussions on race-related issues." Many denounced the administration's dismantling of the display at a school forum. President James J. Whalen said, "I saw this as behavior that could create more problems than it solved."

White professors accuse black colleges of racism

Administrators at several black colleges have been accused of racial bias. White professors claim that they were fired or denied tenure on the basis of race.

Professor Alan D. Cooper, a former professor at St. Augustine's College, sued when he was denied tenure after twelve years of work at St. Augustine. Last spring he was awarded $745,000 by a jury, who ruled that racial discrimination was the reason for denial of tenure. "What we are seeing is that there are some African Americans who use power the way whites do," he said.

White members of the nursing faculty at Grambling State have filed complaints with the U.S. Equal Employment Opportunity Commission because a black professor with less experience received a $7,000 raise while they received nothing. Harold W. Lundy characterized the charges as a backlash against affirmative action. "The complaints are arising now because it's convenient in this current environment, where there has been a de-emphasis on affirmative action. People are just capitalizing on it."

The percentage of white professors is dramatically higher at black colleges than that of black professors on white campuses. Forty percent of the faculty members at institutions supported by the United Negro college fund are white. 4.7 percent of professors at all institutions in 1991 were black.

Trouble at Texas Christian University

A Texas Christian University campus police officer was dispatched at 9:55 p.m. to Brachman Hall to investigate an alleged water balloon thrower.

Upon arriving, the officer spoke with the hall director and detained two suspects.

One suspect was quoted in the police report as saying, "I knew I should not have been shooting water balloons at sorority girls, but they were just there. Nothing sounded more fun after putting in a couple of hours of studying." The water balloon sling the suspects used was apprehended.

Yale honors female students

Yale University unveiled a sculpture recognizing the contribution of its female students. The sculpture is entitled "The Women's Table," and was designed by Maya Ying Lin, a Yale graduate who designed the Vietnam Veterans' Memorial in Washington.

The sculpture is a 30-inch tall flat, oval piece of green granite, tilted to a 69-degree angle, signifying 1969, when Yale first admitted women. The number of women enrolled at Yale each year since then is inscribed on the top.

Sources: The Chronicle of Higher Education, The Daily Skiff (Texas Christian University)

Global to Local

By John Turner

Clinton troubled by Haiti, Congress

President Clinton, embroiled in a number of difficult situations overseas, is finding foreign policy-making increasingly complicated because of the United States Congress. While U.S. warships blockade Haiti, troops patrol Somalia's capital and Clinton considers dispatching forces to Bosnia, both Democrats and Republicans are challenging Clinton's freedom to dispatch American troops overseas. His opponents are concerned about American troops being under the command of the United Nations (U.N.) and being sent to conflicts where there are no clear national interests.

The confrontation has come in a week in which U.S. ships have been sent as part of an international blockade of Haiti, hoping to force Haiti's military government to restore elected President Jean-Bertrand Aristide by Oct. 30. Last week, American forces were rebuffed by armed Haitian opposition as they attempted to land. The U.N. has been criticized since the abortive landing for sending too small of a force.

This week the U.N. once again imposed strict sanctions on Haiti. The latest sanctions include a ban on petroleum imports, weapons, ammunitions, military equipment and spare parts. Assets owned by the Haitian government were also frozen.

The U.N. hopes that severity of the sanctions will convince army commander Lieutenant General Raoul Cédras to allow the peaceful return of Aristide.

Clinton still plans to send "nation-builders" to Haiti if Aristide is reinstalled, and a special bodyguard unit for Aristide is being trained by the American military. Nevertheless, Clinton has said he will not use troops to forcibly reinstate Haiti's elected government, saying, "Keep in mind, as we speak, the Haitian Government has not asked for that."

Nobel Prize winners announced

Princeton's Toni Morrison has won the 1993 Nobel Prize in Literature, honoring the writer, teacher and essayist whose visionary fiction has been widely acclaimed. The Nobel committee lauded Morrison for giving life "to an essential aspect of American reality." Morrison is the first African American to win the prize.

"What is wonderful to me, personally," said Morrison, "is to know that the prize in literature at last has been awarded to an African American.

Winning as an American is very special — but winning as an black American is a knockout." Her work, both popular and critically acclaimed, has been praised as a lyrical meditation on black cultural identity in America.

"She is one of America's greatest writers, unquestionably," said Nellie McKay, a professor of English and African American literature at the University of Wisconsin. Morrison's major novels include "The Bluest Eye," "Sula," "Song of Solomon," "Tar Baby," "Beloved," which won a Pulitzer Prize, and "Jazz," her most recent work.

Nobel Prizes for Peace were bestowed this week upon Nelson Mandela, the leader of the African National Congress, and F.W. de Klerk, President of South Africa. The pair received the awards for their work in bringing South Africa to the brink of a peaceful transition to multi-racial rule.

The two leaders, whose personal relationship is strained, spoke at separate news conferences following the announcements. Mandela was imprisoned for more than twenty-five years by South Africa's government. de Klerk, a member of that government, was the president who finally released Mandela from prison.

New courthouse designed for Addison County

The Middlebury Planning Commission recently gave approval for the land design of the lot where a new Addison County Courthouse will be constructed. The new courthouse, approximately twice the size of the current building, will be to the east of the present building, between Grand Union and the recreation park.

The building will have greater access and parking lots with increased space. It will also meet standards for handicap accessibility. The new building will house all the Addison County courts — family, superior, district, and probate. Initial cost estimates are $4 million.

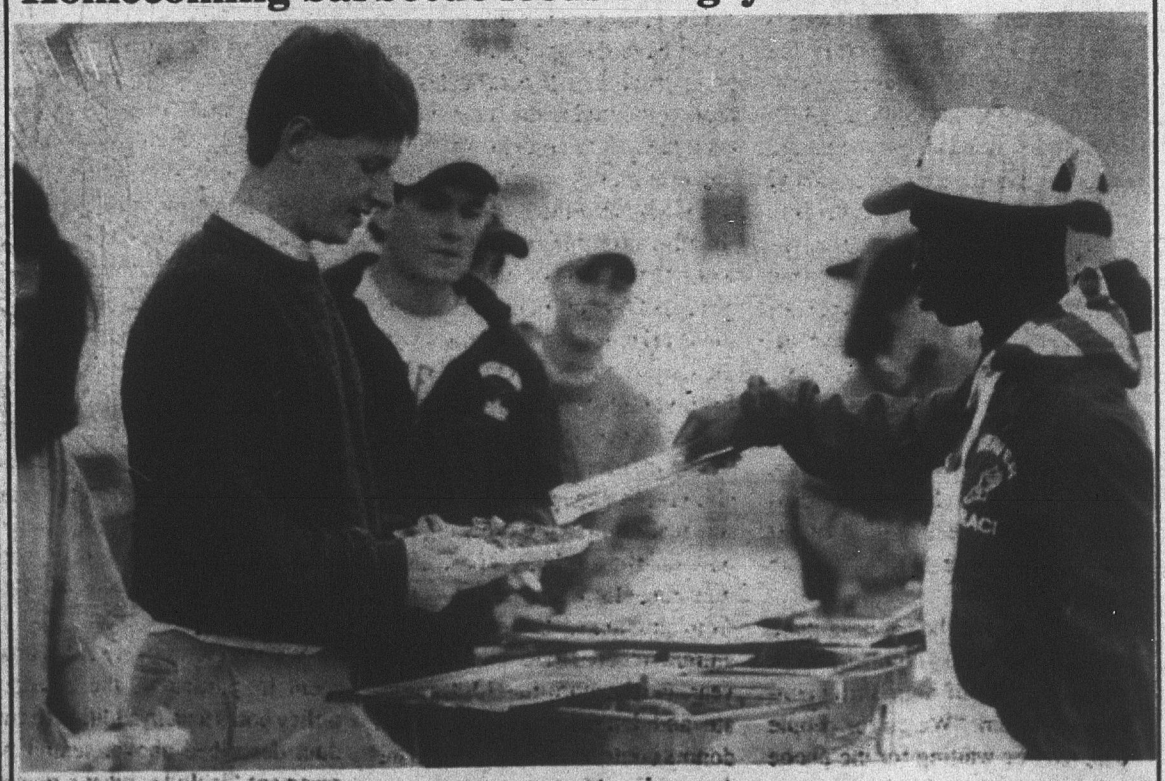
Construction will be done with a brick facade in a traditional style with features such as pillars, double-hung windows, a pitched roof and a cupola.

"It's a major building and it's designed to be looked at from all sides," said Town Planner Fred Dunnington. The main entrance will face Court Street.

"We're quite pleased with the project all together," said John Tenny, a member of the Middlebury Design Advisory Board. "We feel it works very well with the village concept." Plans have not been made for the use of the old courthouse.

Sources: The New York Times, The Addison County Independent, The Economist

Homecoming barbecue feeds hungry crowd



Eager diners wait to be served at the barbeque in front of Proctor last Friday night. *Tiffany Claflin*

Watson Fellowships celebrate 25th year

By Mary Maxham

This weekend's homecoming festivities marked a reunion for alumni who were awarded Watson Fellowships. The Watson Fellowship funds a year of travel and independent study outside of the United States following graduation. Students who demonstrate leadership potential and present a strong project proposal are invited to apply during the fall of their senior year.

In Upper Proctor Lounge Friday, an informative panel discussion was held in which four Middlebury graduates and Watson Fellowship recipients each shared information about what they had done during their year of study, and what effect it had upon them.

Professor of English John Elder, a 1969 Watson Fellow from Pomona College, was commentator of the panel discussion. He gave a brief background about the fellowship and introduced each of the panelists. Elder wanted each panelist to particularly touch upon two topics. The first was to explain in what way the Watson Fellowship was a bridge between their time at Middlebury and current careers. Second, Elder wanted the panelists to relay how the international experience of the Watson effected their feelings about being Americans.

He said that the Watson exposure gave him a broader view of the world and enabled him to scrutinize the American culture upon his return to the United States.

"It truly was a wonder year," John Tidd '69 began. "Things in life and in the Watson Fellowship are not linear." Tidd went on to explain that he began his Watson in a chemistry lab in Germany, but soon realized that this was not where his passions lay. He wrote to the Fellowship and explained that he was switching to a different field of study. They were very supportive and Tidd headed to Scandinavia where he studied secondary schools for a while. Tidd's next stop was Yugoslavia, where he camped out for a while on a hillside, wrote some poetry and planned his next move. He soon realized that his campsite was also a spot where the Yugoslavian army practiced maneuvers. While he found this disconcerting at first, he managed to converse a bit with the soldiers through signals and realized an important lesson. Said Tidd, "The soldiers were just human beings; we had a lot in common. It was an introduction to how we could do a little to warm up the Cold War." Tidd moved to London next in order to study the secondary schools system there.

He said that the Watson exposure gave him a broader view of the world and enabled him to scrutinize the American culture upon his return to the United States.

Initially, he said, he was filled with a sense of tragedy when viewing the American culture. This has gradually turned into the sense of humor that he still possesses regarding the behavior of the United States. Tidd concluded that his fellowship was "very much as valid and worthwhile an experience as Middlebury. I'm very grateful for the Watson Fellowship." Tidd is currently a manufacturer of Ski Equipment in Vermont.

Ed Farquar '80 is currently the director of the Vermont National Resources Council. His Watson

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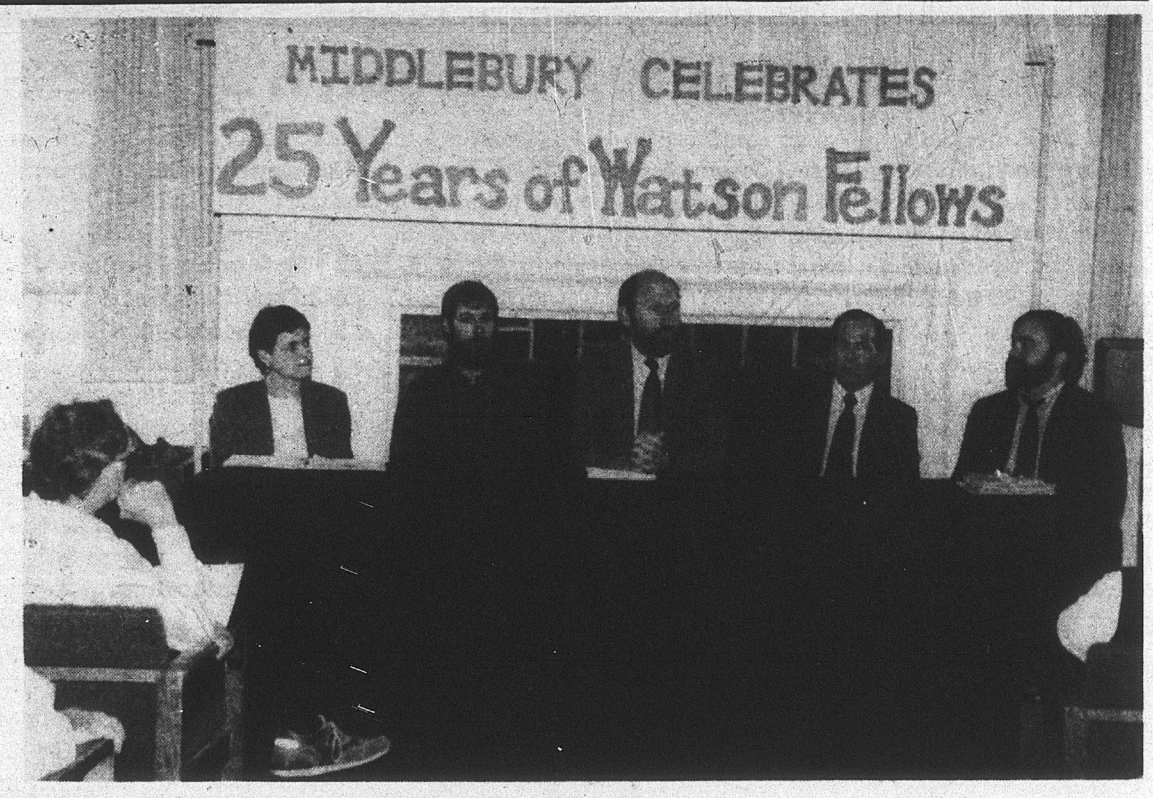

John Elder introduces the panel at the Watson Fellowship celebration. *Sascha Kaplan*

Phone-a-thon

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and 50% participation from alumni. Last year, the Annual Fund raised $1.86 million based on contributions from almost half of Middlebury's 20,386 living alumni.

Crumb reports "Only about 25 schools are in our category of alumni support." The percentage of alumni who give to the college can help the college win grants from foundations, which also contributes to the operating budget. While this phone-a-thon and an alumni-run phone-a-thon held in the spring raise only about 10 percent of the total Annual Fund, almost 25 percent of alumni who give to the Annual Fund are contacted through the phone-a-thons. "We appreciate the $10 gift as much as the $10,000," Crumb said.

Each night of the phone-a-thon, approximately 20 volunteers work in two and a half hour shifts contacting alumni. "We go for people who may be waiting for the phone call, or people who have never given," Leroux explained.

In addition to the incentive of keeping tuition from rising too high, student participants in the phone-a-thon have several other incentives. While eating pizzas and subs, students have the opportunity to win prizes such as gift certificates and cash if they raise the most money each night. The student who raises the most money over the six nights of the phone-a-thon will receive a round-trip airline ticket anywhere in the U.S. There are also prizes for groups of five or more, and a Commons prize for the Commons with the largest number of participants. Each volunteer is allowed one free long-distance phone call per night.

In addition to phone-a-thons, alumni can expect to receive up to five mailings per year seeking support for the College. These mailings range from postcards to letters from classmates. Language school alumni receive two mailings per year, and the more than 1300 graduate and language school alumni donors contributed $282,000 to the Annual Fund last year.

Harassment policy scrutinized

By Niamh O'Leary Liu

During Winter Term of 1993, Middlebury College adopted a new sexual harassment policy and established a Human Relations Grievance Board. The board's responsibility is to moderate conflicts and, if necessary, recommend disciplinary action. This is the first full year the policy is in effect, and there already appears to be a marked increase in awareness and apprehension among members of the college community who hail the benefits of the policy and fear the possible implications.

When the board and the new policy were proposed, some people did not see the need for it and were initially wary. Brent Cossrow '94, who is now a member of the Human Relations Grievance Board, was originally on the Student Judicial Council, and at that time he was somewhat opposed to the idea of the board. He describes his initial reaction as a "great irony," considering that he was complaining "about the [apparent] invasion of political correctness and thought the council would be a form of speech police, but in fact, it's the opposite."

Cossrow described the college's harassment policy as "conservative; the work of a few professors" who wished to have an effective policy that would also protect free speech and thought.

In its Harassment Policy Statement, a copy of which is located in the student handbook, the College defines harassment in general as "verbal or physical conduct which... has the purpose or effect, from the point of view of a reasonable person, either of interfering with an individual's educational or work performance or of creating an intimidating, hostile or offensive educational, work or living environment." The policy goes on to state that such harassment may include "repeated slurs, or taunts in the guise of a joke or a disparaging reference to others."

With regards to sexual harassment in particular, the college's policy notes that, in addition to conduct described above, sexual harassment "includes what a reasonable person would judge to be unwelcome sexual advances or requests for sexual favors which explicitly or implicitly affect educational or employment decisions concerning an individual." In other words, those in authority may not abuse their power to sexually harass employees, students, or subordinates.

Dean of the Faculty Ron Liebowitz commented that the new policy was the result of many long discussions, and that Faculty Council participants, and faculty at large, found it "fair and very effective." He called it "better than what we had before," and "a step in the right direction." Liebowitz noted, however, that "the policy can only be effective as long as the information and knowledge about it is [effective]."

Previously, all conflicts involving harassment were heard by the Student Judicial Council, which consists of eight students and a faculty representative. In contrast to the Student Judicial Council, the new Human Relations Board has a mixed composition, with members of the faculty, staff and student population. This eased concerns that hearings concerning faculty or staff versus a student, which would otherwise go to the Judicial Council, would be held more fairly, with the board representing all those involved.

The Human Relations Board has two avenues of arbitration: the informal and the formal. The Board's informal mode of operation can be tailored to each individual case. One of the Human Relations Advisors, each of whom have undergone special training in harassment sensitivity, can meet with a complainant off the record to provide advice on the alternative ways of addressing the issue, such as writing a letter to the alleged offender, bringing complainant and alleged offender together informally to talk over the situation, with the advisor moderating the talk, filing a formal complaint for hearing procedures, or going beyond the College to filing a grievance with the State of Vermont Equal Opportunity Employment Commission.

Formal conflict resolution, on the other hand, is not unlike the procedure followed by the Student Judicial Council, involving a hearing before the board. The board may find it necessary to recommend disciplinary action varying from a simple reprimand all the way to expulsion from the college and/or job or contract termination. These recommendations will be received by officials in the department responsible for the alleged offender (i.e. Dean of Students office, Academic Affairs, Administration, or Foreign Languages), who will in turn notify President McCardell of their own recommendations.

Cossrow cited these differences in the composition of the board, its ability to accommodate cases involving different members of the college community, and its informal option of dealing with complaints as the main differences between the Judicial Council and the new Human Relations Board. He also explained that the "board Advisors can handle and have dealt with everything from meeting over coffee to clarify a common misunderstanding, resolving student-teacher conflicts, to dealing with outright rape."

It is important to note that, according to Peter Chenevert, the director of public safety, there were two rapes reported in the 1991-92 year, and only one in the 1992-93 academic year. Chenevert believes that "rape is a big problem on every campus. It's the most under-reported crime." One goal of the board is to deal with rape and provide a forum for people to confront it.

Educational Coordinator of Sexual Harassment Prevention Marianna McShane will be holding seminars and new faculty orientation workshops that will educate the college community on the new policy. Students and faculty or staff members may find a copy of the policy and procedures in the college handbook, and are encouraged to go to one of the relations advisors with any complaints they might have. Lists of these advisors are located in various places around campus.

Nicols promotes AIDS awareness

By Katie Roberts

Henry Nicols, an intelligent, artistic and likable 20 year old who is infected with the Acquired Immune Deficiency Syndrome (AIDS), spoke to the college community Tuesday night in Wright Theater. Nichols and his sister Jennifer have been traveling around the country for two years educating high school and college students about the disease he has had for the past ten years. They have visited 27 out of the 50 states, reaching a large audience and speaking at as many as three high schools a day.

Nicols first discovered that he had AIDS in 1985 when he was twelve years old. Nicols is a hemophiliac and must receive blood transfusions once a week in order to supply his body with proteins that induce clotting. He believes that he received the HIV infected blood when he was ten, but it wasn't until two years later that he was diagnosed as having AIDS.

This was in 1985, the same time at which Ryan White was fighting discrimination in his community. The Nicols family was nervous about the reaction from their own town and decided to keep Henry's disease a secret. They didn't tell his friends, relatives, grandparents or even his doctors. Instead, they drove five hours to New York City and visited doctors who were more experienced with AIDS cases.

When he was 17 years old Nicols contracted an opportunistic infection in his throat, a sign that he had full blown AIDS. He was now a candidate for experimental drugs to lessen the effects of the disease. However, Nicols was not allowed to tell anybody. Unable to live with the secrecy any longer, Nicols decided to go public with his disease. Since his Eagle Scout Project was coming up, Nicols resolved to announce that he had AIDS and start an AIDS education program in his community.

He earned his Eagle Scout Badge and the project became an international campaign. He appeared on "60 Minutes, " "Good Morning America," "The Today Show," and was featured in "Parade Magazine" and "People." He went to Japan and began to receive fan mail. Nicols has testified before Congress about the issue of testing health care workers and has spoken with former President Bush and President and First Lady Clinton about health care and AIDS. Nicols said he was encouraged by the Clintons and believed they had a realistic view on how health care needed to be reformed in order to be more effective for AIDS victims.

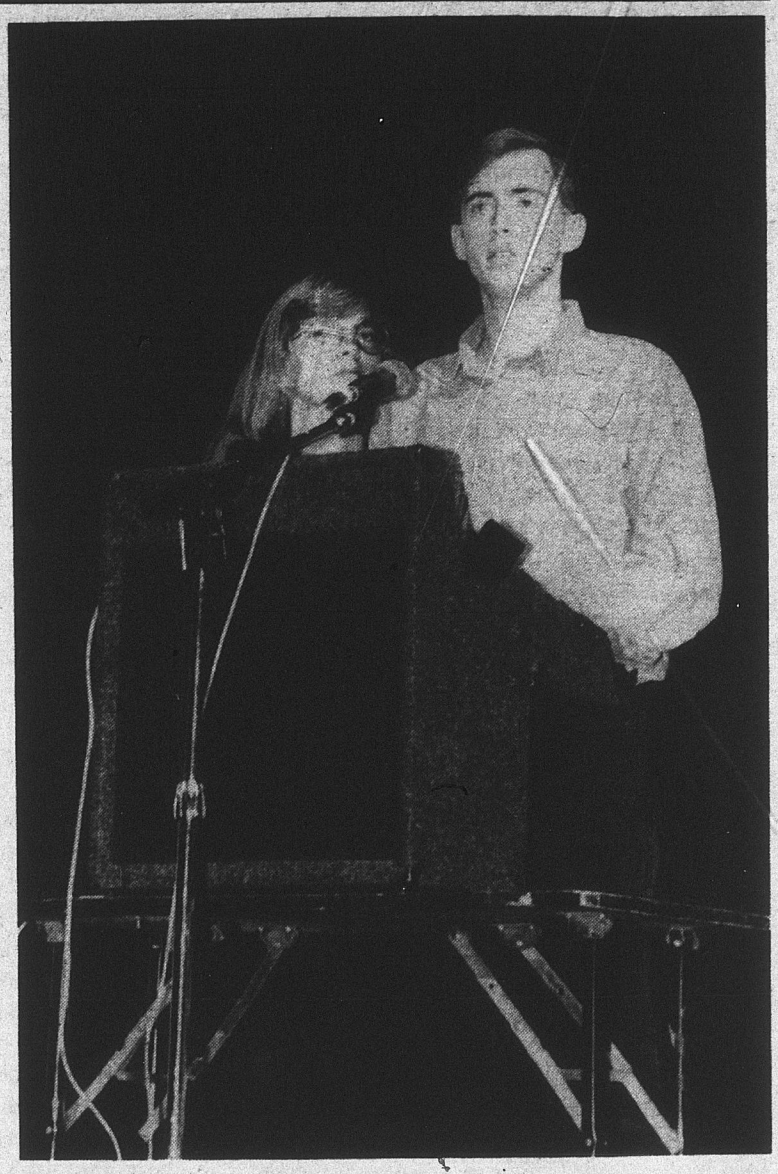
Nicols now spends all his time traveling and lecturing with his sister. In their lectures they focus on helping students understand the facts and risks of AIDS. Nicols realizes that young people rarely acknowledge their vulnerability or mortality. He said that even though he possesses this life threatening disease, there are days when he feels strong and wants to believe in his own immortality. Nicols leads a full and active life and refuses to sit back and let the disease kill him. Although it is unfair and he hates it, he knows AIDS will not go away.

Nicols and his sister encouraged all people to get tested for AIDS and to practice safe sex. They explained that right now the main group being effected by the disease is those from age 16 to 25. Today nearly 200,000 Americans have died of AIDS and there are two million more who are infected. The American College Health Association conducted a study which showed that one out every five hundred college students contracts the disease.

Nicols reiterated the fact that AIDS "is not just a gay disease or an I.V. drug user's disease," and reminded the audience that it can affect any sexually active person. He stressed that there is no such thing as safe sex and that one must really know about their partner's history. Even if your partner has been tested, it is possible that the disease will not show up until six months later. Most people do not realize they carry the disease until six to 10 years later.

Besides being tested, Nicols also asked the students to donate blood, especially if they were not at risk. Nicols said that blood transfusions have saved his life half a dozen times. Healthy blood is becoming increasingly rare at the same time that it is becoming more necessary.

Nicols concluded in saying, "You are lucky if I am the first person you have met with AIDS. I certainly won't be the last."



Henry Nicols urges students to be tested for AIDS. *Alex Grossman*

Fellowships

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Fellowship project was to study the impact of oil in the far north of Norway, Scotland and Canada. Farquar wanted to discover exactly what corporations were doing and see how cultures had adapted to resource development. He found a pattern of people accepting whatever happened. A fact that surprised him however was that there was "still a reservoir of human understanding and bonding at the family and community level that I didn't expect to see." Despite the fact that their lives were being changed, these cultures held on to their traditions as best they could through folklore, crafts, agriculture and other preservation methods.

Farquar and his wife have recently bought a piece of farmland in Vermont that has been fallow for a long period of time. They hope to restore it back to an active, contributing part of the Vermont landscape. His desire for such an activity comes from something he learned through observing the northern cultures during his Watson Fellowship: "Roots count. [I have] had a chance to establish those roots." His first step is joining a community and deciding where to establish them.

Stephen Brock '81 is currently a professional photographer based in San Francisco, California. His Watson Fellowship project involved the study of high altitude ecology in the Andes and Himalayas. His interest lay in the comparison of medicinal plants found in the two areas and there uses in the respective cultures.

Brock began by traveling to Peru and settled there in an adobe hut with no running water or electricity. He stayed for 15 months, after requesting a Fellowship extension, and hiked and collected plants during this time. Brock found the hardest obstacle to overcome was "getting trapped in your own head, getting adjusted to your solitude. You have to become your own best friend."

Brock ended up discovering that the plants and the actual Watson proposal were secondary. They were avenues to the most valuable lessons he learned which came through meeting the people and experiencing their culture. When Brock returned to the United States, he headed to Asia to complete the second half of his fellowship project.

In this new environment he felt "green all over again." It felt like a cultural transition, and he just wanted to be back in Peru. In Katmandu, Brock found a government trained botanist who practiced traditional medicine. With the help of this man, Brock compiled a collection of 350 plants and learned much about the wisdom of plant medicine.

Throughout both of his journeys, Brock took many black and white photos. On his return to the United States, he mounted a photography show in Starr Library. Some pictures sold, and he realized that this was his passion. Brock has since put his life into photography and has returned to Peru once and Asia twice with this new career.

The final panelist was Jayne L.W. Maxwell '87 who spoke about her fellowship project on British Colonialism. She studied how the colonialism effects rubber and tea plantations in India, Malaysia, Sri Lanka and Great Britain. As a British citizen, Maxwell had international exposure before coming to Middlebury. She found that the Watson Fellowship taught her about living in communities with little structure, which was very different from her four years spent at Middlebury.

Maxwell spent six months on a tea plantation in India. As a British woman, she was chauffeured around and treated royally. Maxwell claimed that her biggest personal crisis came when she thought she was getting sick. It was then that she needed help and realized that there was nobody to speak to and had no realization of the external sources available.

Currently working in London as a consultant with Atlantic Alliance Trading, Maxwell explained how the fellowship helped her to understand a different nationality and how to use a process to find out about people. In India, Maxwell was somewhat revered. A valuable lesson that she gained through this experience was that "you have to be very careful with how you use power."

Council

(continued from page 1)

a detailed list of prohibitions and a "challenge by choice" statement to be signed by potential members prior to the pledge period. "Challenge by Choice," a philosophy borrowed from the Pine Ridge Adventure Center, allows individuals to decide their own level of participation in activities.

A number of members of the Community Council expressed concern with the "laundry list," and at the end of the meeting, the proposal was taken back by the IHC for further revision.

The list contained items which some students on the Council found to be strict, hard to understand and unnecessary.

Among the suspect entries in the proposal were those that prohibited activities that interfered with work or sleep.

A related statement, which appeared in the "Basic Principles" section of the policy, mandated that pledge activities "must not interfere with the rights and activities of others."

One Community Council member raised the point that pledging a social house was a commitment, and that like any activity, it would and should affect a student's life.

Another member agreed, adding that since the "challenge by choice" statement gave the pledges the freedom to refuse to participate in any activity if they objected, technically, a pledge could decide not to participate at all in the "education process" and still become a member.

However, Dorf said that "if a student is not willing to participate in the more important activities a house conducts, chances are, they are not going to be down at that house anyway."

Dorf and the other IHC members who were on hand to discuss the policy thanked the Community Council for its input, and asked for time to conduct further discussions of their own and return with a final revised proposal that addressed the concerns raised by Council members on Monday.

"It is important that we make sure we have a policy which protects the social houses rather than drags them down," said Dorf. "We need to make sure the spirit and the letter of the document match up."

Student Government Association (SGA) President Brendan O'Leary '94 explained that even though the proposal needed to be revised, the IHC initiative was a step in the right direction.

"I am extremely pleased that a group of student leaders decided to come up with a proposal on hazing rather than waiting for the administration to do it for them," said O'Leary. "It says a lot that students are confronting major issues at the college and investing their time in solving them."

Vice President of Student Affairs John Emerson, who serves as a co-chair of Community Council, agreed by saying that "the policy has been worked on by students for the last year and a half, and has been entirely a student initiative."

Asked about the changes that might be made as the IHC revises the proposal, Emerson stressed that the reworking would most likely consist of fine tuning and that the meat of the document would probably not be changed.

"I think we are talking about polishing, editing and working on detail," said Emerson of the proposal, "but I believe there will still be a detailed anti-hazing policy for students."

SGA bill

(continued from page 1)

(NESCAC).

The organization will meet for the first time at Middlebury on November 12 and will continue to meet each fall and spring.

"The idea is that [the delegates] will create a dialogue with other student governments and establish a formal means of communication with them," said Dobson.

He was confident that the meetings would help all of the schools involved learn to better deal with issues ranging from "social life to security." When Dobson undertook the project he consulted members of the Ivy Council, which is a similar organization among Ivy League Schools.

As an example of the group's efficacy, Dobson mentioned a security problem that Brown was having and the manner in which Yale was able to help them. "Brown needed help with security... Well Yale has to know security because they're in New Haven," he explained. Similar relationships will presumably benefit the schools in the New England group.

To help the organization get off its feet, Dobson has been working closely with a Brown delegate.

Dobson also explained that the organization can act as a lobby group and a crisis management tool for the colleges involved.

Dobson expressed concern about the program's continued success after this semester. "I'm going away in the spring, so someone's going to have to take this over. Right now I'm the only one involved," he said.

Also on the agenda Sunday night was a report from the Educational Council representative, who informed the SGA that the Japanese program was currently undergoing steps to make it a full-fledged major department. "

With the request for another position, there would be four professors and one drill instructor which is sufficient to offer the number of courses appropriate for a major program," said Eric Davis, dean for academic planning. Currently there is only a major in East Asian Studies to accommodate students of Japanese with a directly related major program.

Student petition

(continued from page 1)

ment, saying only that "the Teaching Resources Committee authorized two new positions for '93-'94 [in the Psychology Department]."

Riess said that the department is trying to strike a balance between class size and quality. "I want as department chair to let in as many people as I can, but I don't want the class to get overwhelmed," he said.

Davis said that in general, the nature of instruction in the Social Sciences Division "is primarily lecture and discussion which lends itself to larger classes."

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Editorial

Faculty shortage hurts students

Students often speak out about the state of social and residential life at Middlebury, but this fall students in the Psychology Department are taking action in an arena that is at the heart of our purpose here: education.

Two Psychology majors are outraged by the understaffed faculty and overcrowded classrooms in that department, and they have collected 172 signatures to show that others feel the same. Of the seven professors in the department last spring, only three returned this fall, and with two new faculty hired, two vacancies remain.

While it is understandable that departments that have large lecture classes in some respects require less faculty, these professors still must serve as advisors and teach smaller, more intimate upper level classes, such as 400 level or senior seminars.

Sitting on the floor of a crowded classroom, many students feel cheated by a college that speaks often of close professor-student relationships, but which in this case has not provided enough professors to make that a reality. This situation has made students fight for their education, something that most at Middlebury take for granted. Their action is commendable, and steps must be taken so that students in other majors do not have to feel cheated as well.

The Teaching Resources Committee has not disclosed its reasoning for only authorizing the hiring of two new professors when the Psychology Department requested four. When both students and faculty are so adversely affected, it seems that some explanation should be forthcoming.

The community may well face this issue again. Resources are limited and the college can only hire so many new faculty at one time, posing potential problems like those that now burden the Psychology Department. The college must ensure that students are not put in this difficult position again.

Council moves in right direction

Coeducational social houses are more likely to be a part of Middlebury's future than are academic interest houses. This is the position the Community Council appears to be moving towards with each passing week.

The latest evidence of this trend came Tuesday when the council announced that it would be accepting applications for new houses, but would not be actively supporting the expansion of the academic interest houses. This decision, while it is sure to anger some faculty members, and may be cause for concern among residents in the present academic interest houses, is in line with what the majority of students want.

Last year, in a survey of Student Government Association representatives, the mandate was clear in favor of creating new social houses rather than academic interest houses. Furthermore, each year the academic interest houses have difficulty filling space, while the social houses constantly strain to accommodate the high student demand.

The Community Council is being careful to handle this issue very delicately, as is evident by the language of their statement. They take great care not to rule out new academic interest houses, but at the same time imply that social house applications would be looked upon more favorably.

Perhaps it would better serve the community to be more blunt. The academic interest houses are not working in their present form. That is why they are not being expanded. If this is a concern for members of the college, especially those in the academic interest houses, it would be in their best interest to examine how these houses can be improved, and bring their ideas to the Community Council as soon as possible.

The Middlebury Campus

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The Middlebury Campus (USPS 556-060), the student newspaper of Middlebury College, is published in Middlebury, VT by the Student Government Association of Middlebury College. Publication is every Thursday of the academic year, except during official college vacation periods and final examinations. Editorial and business offices are in Hepburn Hall Annex, Middlebury College. The Middlebury Campus is produced on an Apple Macintosh network with Aldus Pagemaker 4.2, and is printed by Denton Publishers, Elizabethtown, NY. Advertising deadline (including classifieds and personals) is Saturday at noon for the next week's issue. Mailing address: The Middlebury Campus, Drawer 30, Middlebury College, Middlebury, VT 05753. Office phones: (802) 388-3711 ext. 5736 or 5738 (Editorial); ext. 5737 (Business), or ext. 5739 (Advertising). Please address distribution concerns to the Business Manager. Address all letters to the editor to the Opinions Editor. The Middlebury Campus will not accept or print anonymous letters and reserves the right to edit all Opinions letters. The opinions expressed in the Opinions Section, reviews and other commentary, are views of the individual authors and do not necessarily reflect the opinions of The Middlebury Campus. First class postage paid at Middlebury, VT 05753. Subscription rate: $40 per year or $25 per semester within the United States; $50 per year or $30 per semester overseas.

Boredom and pettiness rule campus

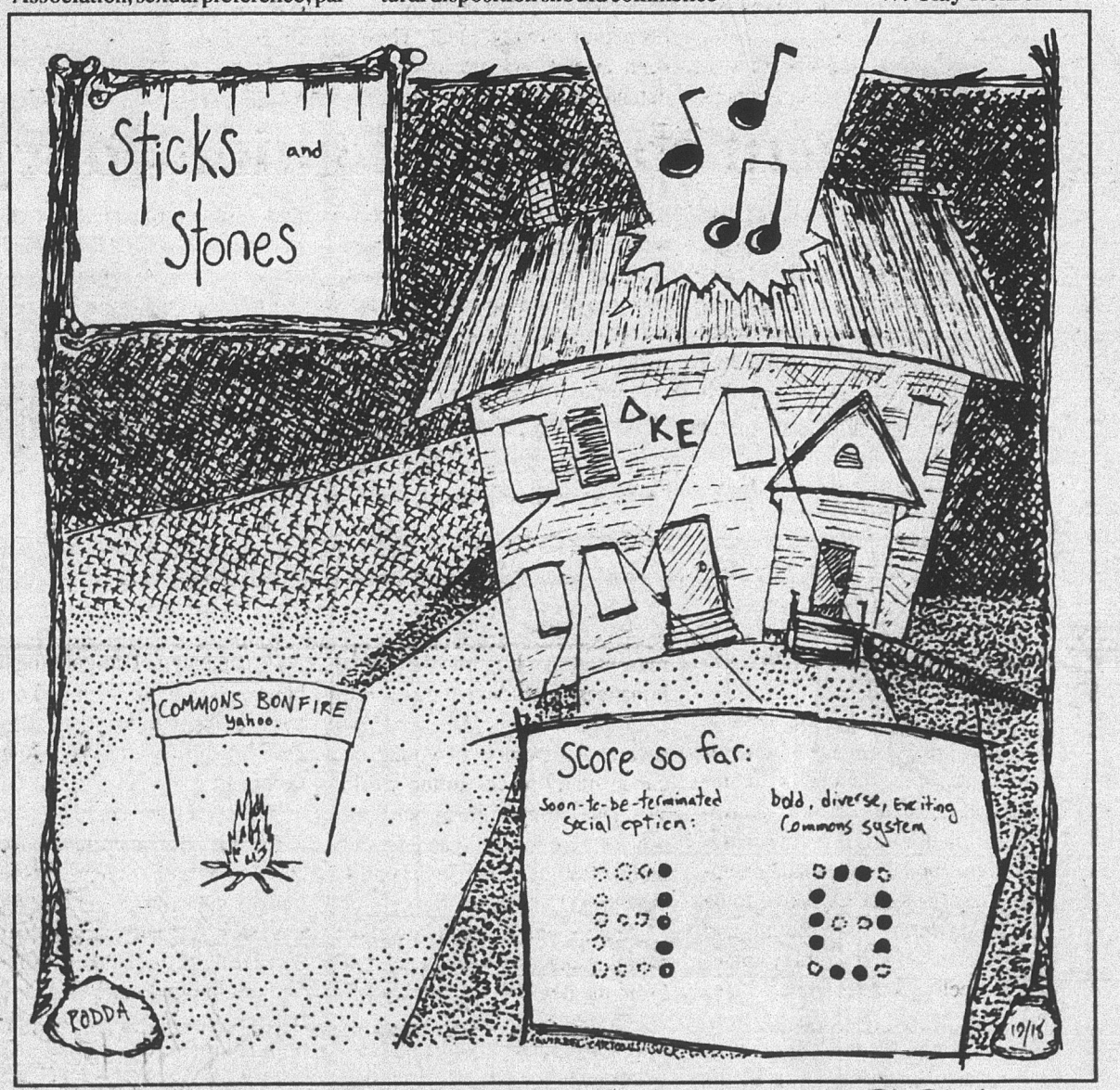
I have just finished reading the October 14 issue of The Middlebury Campus and I can politely say that I loathed every page of it. Not to say that the paper is unfit for lavatory use and that its staff is a bunch of worthless hacks — they are not; they do their jobs well. But that is the problem: do I need to read 20 pages reminding me how much I despise being trapped in the quintessential "land of no cheer?"

I dare say that I returned here at least partially aware of the depths to which I would invariably sink; but alas, I had forgotten that here, boredom is king and pettiness is law. A year of drinking in pubs made me conveniently forget: social houses, diversity, the Student Government Association, sexual preference, partisan politics and Grateful Dead cover bands; I only wish I could slip back into some chemically-induced stupor to blot it all out again. I spent the 1992-93 school year joyfully living like a character in a Tom Waits song; now I feel like I am trapped on side two of The Smiths' "Meat is Murder."

The sky is grey; the grass is brown, and I cannot even find solace in the arms of a decent bar; these are the issues that concern me. The only issue I can think of with regards to the social houses is which one should be torched first. I am an anarchist so I do not participate in politics unless it involves a riot. I think that everyone of every color, sexual orientation and cultural disposition should commence to have sex with each other immediately. And Jerry Garcia is the Antichrist. Perhaps I am venting my spleen a wee bit too vehemently, but why not; this place leaves me dry — impotent sexually, socially and artistically (slight exaggerations on one or two scores here). There isn't anyone here I feel inclined to speak to, and the outside world contacts me only in the form of American Express application forms.

So when I reach into my mailbox on Thursday afternoon, hoping for free transatlantic plane tickets, the last thing I want to find is a rolled up summation of everything that invokes my righteous contempt for this foul place.

W. Clay Rohrer '94



Inane moralizing weakens SGA

Recent Student Government Association (SGA) debate has crystallized for me the reason why a great deal of students do not take that body seriously. I am referring to the discussion of the Social House Bill (which, incidentally, has been tabled until Nov. 14) on October 10.

The most controversial clause in the bill regards "Rushing." Were the bill to become policy, at "the end of the rush period, houses [would be allowed to] *select* a group of students to join their particular house from the pool of applicants," (my emphasis). Enactment of this proposal would not, on the whole, change the way social houses select their members. Anyone who says otherwise is either grossly misinformed, or a liar.

Social house parties are always well attended — one might go so far as to say crowded. A quick check of the Opinions section of the Campus does not yield a plethora of editorials lamenting the "exclusivity" of the social houses. There has certainly been no legislative attempt to change current practice.

Enter the certain members of the SGA. Or perhaps I should say enter the "SGA Biosphere," because it seems these representatives must have just stepped out of one — or are still in it. These "arm-chair moralists" choose to make an issue of the "rushing" clause, leaving the realm of practical reality in favor of a foray into political philosophy. Apparently, they have not been told that, unlike class discussion, they do not receive credit for talking.

Now that this issue has floated into their bubble-world, however, certain members of the SGA are shocked, shocked they say, that there is exclusivity in their favorite social houses.

I use the phrase "arm-chair moralists" because these philosophers have not, as I have pointed out, made an attempt to change the status quo. Now that this issue has floated into their bubble-world, however, certain members of the SGA are shocked, shocked they say, that there is exclusivity in their favorite social houses. And one wonders why some students do not take the group seriously.

This situation would simply be laughable, except that the SGA is not wholly composed of these "arm-chair moralists."

There are members — those who sponsored the present bill are a prime example — who take the initiative and spend the time to try to do something constructive, only to have their efforts all too often swallowed into the Twilight Zone of philosophical non-discourse that pervades debate.

Rob Schlesinger '94

Midd Moscow correspondents recount their "house arrest"

Editor's note: After the recent crisis in Russia, we requested that the Middlebury students in Moscow send us their impressions. Their response is narrated by Carolyn Ashby '94.

What is our opinion of the recent political turmoil and current political situation in Russia? I think we would be hard put to formulate a coherent political opinion of this situation. Watching Russia's political crises from Middlebury, VT is one thing; watching a war erupt 15 minutes away is something very different. Understanding even something so seemingly simple as "what happened" is virtually impossible for American and Russian alike. Therefore, all we can really offer is a look at what life was like in the midst of the latest Moscow misadventure.

Sept. 21-Oct. 1: Yeltsin suspends Parliament and announces December elections. Vice-President Alexander Rutskoi is named acting president and Yeltsin is stripped of his presidential powers. Both sides declare that no force will be used. Parliament and its alternate government barricade themselves into the White House which is then cordoned off by Yeltsin troops. Phones, electricity and water are cut off; the only supplies going in are vodka and weapons.

We hear the news that Yeltsin has dissolved Parliament well after the fact, like most of Moscow. One article in the *Moscow Times* is titled: "A Coup? What Coup? Turn on a Game Show." After the initial scare — and a discussion concerning what Middlebury should tell our parents (suggestions included: "They're fine," "Oh, they've all been shot already" and "They've been armed and are prepared to defend the university building") — life in Moscow continues as always; never mind that we have two presidents. The general opinion of our Russian friends and professors is that this is just another round of childish political sparring that will drag on and eventually go nowhere.

During our break, we discuss how odd it is to have a war happening "right over there" and watch as thick black smoke begins to pour from the upper stories of the White House.

In one conversation, Julia asks why people seem to be ignoring it all. Anton replies that the situation is so unthinkable, so fantastical, that there is really nothing to be done: "Can you imagine if your President Clinton told Congress to go home and the Speaker declared himself president?"

"It would never happen," responds Julia.

"Exactly. Here the impossible has happened. What can we do?" We settle on Julia for Russia's third president.

Oct. 2: Arbat celebration soured by violence as demonstrators throw up flaming barricades; the Boulevard Ring Road is blocked off. Rutskoi calls for an uprising in the streets.

I hear about the riots while out visiting. I was one metro stop from the White House — if I had been there Sunday, I would have had to stay for three days. Charlotte is forced to take a detour to a party due to barricades on the Ring Road. However, the Arbat is quiet and clear by 10 p.m. when Dave, Julia and Schdell arrive at the Irish House.

Oct. 3, 3-5:00 p.m.: Hardline protesters gather in Oktyabrskaya Ploschad and then fight their way across the river to the White House. A crowd of 15,000 breaks through police barricades. Shooting begins. Rutskoi urges protesters to storm the mayor's offices and the main TV transmitter at Ostankino. American Embassy issues warning.

6 p.m.— 1 a.m.: Yeltsin declares state of emergency. Gun battle at Ostankino begins. TV goes off air at 7:30. Fighting at Ostankino continues.

Meg, Alison and Charlotte are out shopping and hear rumors that there is shooting in the area at Mayakovskaya Ploschad, 1 metro stop from White House.

4:30 a.m.: Program Director Linda Bruce calls to tell us that we will be staying in for the night. However, the weather is gorgeous, so Schdell and I take a walk to get pictures of the university. We discuss the possibility of being required to go home; we do not want to go. The group consensus is the same.

7:30 a.m.: Dave, Julia and a Russian are watching TV when it goes off the air. Sasha asks Schdell and me to find news on our radio. I catch bits and pieces: the doors have been blasted down; all four stations are off the air; the word *rosstaniye* (uprising). Sasha is extremely upset. Word spreads through the group, and we gather in the common room with the radio, a guitar, two Middlebury shot glasses and some miscellaneous vodka — after all, there is a war 15 minutes away; why not have a drink? Meanwhile, the hot topic of conversation is whether or not we should finish the translation that is due Monday (final decision: "no"). Sasha finds this debate amusing and suggests a sharp contrast: "If I were with my friends, we'd probably be getting drunk and going into the streets to get involved. I'm rather glad I'm here." As we

(continued on page 10)

Sentiment should not guide policy in Somalia

Should we be in Somalia? The effort necessary to sort through the facts and the propaganda of foreign policy often leads us to let others decide questions like these. "I don't know what we should do," we often say, "I don't know enough about the situation."

Unfortunately, this kind of justification also follows us to the polls, where people claim that it is not apathy but lack of information that leads us to indifference. But while we (and our politicians) theorize or meekly shrug our shoulders, American troops risk their lives in Somalia.

So why are we there? If you recall, around Christmas of last year television was flooded with images of half-starved Somali children. Celebrities took up the cause; even the model Iman made an appeal. As for me, I happened to be traveling during those months and was struck by the seemingly unanimous feeling that the United States should intervene. I heard from French, Irish, Italian, Camerounian and American citizens who all, after blasting the U.S. for imperialistic involvement, added in a more solemn, humanistic tone, "But you saw those pictures... we [or they, the Americans] had to do something."

TV photos of starving children: hype or objective journalism? I have two points about this issue. First, if we take the politics at face value, our troops are in Somalia to assure that food gets to those starving children. Faction leaders are in effect starving their own people by blocking roads and firing on communities who come in from a drought-stricken desert in search of food. I too found myself reiterating the words, "You saw all those pictures, we had to do something," but is human suffering truly just cause for American intervention?

College students especially complain that we do not always act on humanitarian reasons alone; but should we? What makes us think that we should go in and make peace in other countries? World War II after all, was not fought for peace. If we had wanted peace we would have let Hitler have Europe. We fought the second world war to stop the rise of fascism and Hitler's Nazi Germany. What was wrong with that? What is wrong with protecting our national interests instead of feeling obligated to help fight every moral cause for humanitarian reasons alone. It is true that social injustices, including torture, religious persecutions, infanticide and severe mistreatment of women occur in many places in the world. We have stopped them here, but how can we feel obligated to stop them through direct intervention elsewhere?

Our worldwide campaign of do-gooding had better get to India and Angola soon, so people do not think we give Somali children preferential treatment.

And to what extent are we just soothing our national conscience? From the beginning I heard that if we did not go, it was because we were racist. If we did not feel pity and respond immediately, disregarding cultural and linguistic barriers, not to mention foreign policy, we risked being politically incorrect. Five million, I heard in an economics class, die in India of starvation each year. Angola is also suffering from war and its people face starvation as well. Our worldwide campaign of do-gooding had better get to these countries soon, then, so people do not think we give Somali children preferential treatment.

But even if we could all coldly agree that humanitarian reasons should not keep us there, the politics are not quite so simple. They never are. And perhaps it is terribly naive to think that public sentiment dictates foreign policy and not the reverse, which leads me to my second point. I think humanitarian causes did factor in; I mean, we did all see those pictures, but was there a hidden agenda?

In an article in the September issue of "New African" magazine the author criticizes our efforts in Somalia and brings out the fact that the U.S. agreed to join the cause only after Aidid's men killed 23 Pakistani peace-keeping soldiers. The author says that these soldiers were unfortunately but justly killed for having tried to take over Aidid's radio station which regularly criticized United Nations. and U.S. foreign policy.

The article goes on to say that most Somalis support Aidid. It strongly criticizes U.S. intervention, and blames the U.N. Secretary General Boutros Boutros-Ghali, in no uncertain terms, for having ulterior motives. The former deputy prime minister of Egypt, he is accused of ultimately wanting a "strong, united Somalia, closely allied to Egypt so that Ethiopia would think twice before diverting

(continued on page 9)

Community Council seeks housing suggestions

To the College Community:

The Community Council is examining the uses and allocation of college houses located on the periphery of the campus. The larger residences are currently used as social houses and academic interest houses, whereas most of the smaller houses are used predominantly by seniors. Since there is no plan to further expand the number of houses used for student residence, the Community Council senses a tension between the expansion of academic interest houses and social houses and maintaining the present number of smaller residential units for "open" and "block" draw.

The Community Council hopes to make recommendations about proposals for new coeducational social houses and academic interest houses much earlier than in the past. We are accepting applications for new houses until Thanksgiving Break, Nov. 23. We are aware that one or two student groups are currently developing proposals for creating additional coeducational social houses.

Although we are still reviewing the situation, our preliminary findings suggest that the addition of one or two additional social houses is feasible, in part because of the recent increase in the total number of student houses. We hope to complete our review by Nov. 23, and we believe that all will gain by an earlier application and review process.

We question whether the academic interest house system should be expanded...

The Community Council is in the midst of gathering further information about the academic interest houses and their needs. At this time, the Community Council will consider, but is not actively soliciting, applications for new academic-interest houses.

We believe that our community should give priority to assisting in the evolution of the four existing houses and to better supporting those houses. In particular, we urge the college to make it a priority to find additional financial support for the programs of some of these houses.

We question whether the academic interest house system should be expanded until the existing houses have been given a better chance to realize their potential.

In our efforts to grasp the significance of future changes in the residential system, Community Council has created a subcommittee to examine the smaller houses, to recommend whether some of these might be suitable for use as academic interest houses or social houses and to examine the implications of any changes in our present system. The Residential Life committee has already met with the leaders of the social houses, and it plans to hold meetings with leaders of academic interest organizations this month. The Community Council plans to review the recommendations that emerge from these meetings, so that we may be prepared to help strengthen the student-led organizations within the residential system without supporting changes that are unrealistic. We are seeking student opinions on potential changes in the system through the SGA's new polling procedure.

Throughout this process, the Community Council will inform the community about its findings. All members of the college are invited to contact any of us regarding their views on these issues.

The Community Council
Co-chairs John Emerson and
Dudley Winthrop '94

Collegiate irrationality continues in health care response

I am writing in response to Nick Sakellarios' editorial, "Savodnik's Health Care Views Terrify," which appeared in the Oct. 14 issue of the Campus. At first, I was reluctant to respond because I was unable to discern any cohesive argument in Mr. Sakellarios' article. However, I have overcome my initial reluctance and have decided to write in order to try to clarify my position.

Admittedly, I was perplexed by "Savodnik's Health Care Views Terrify." In the first paragraph, Mr. Sakellarios accuses me of bearing "McCarthy-like overtones." This attack was provoked, I believe, by my earlier statement that, "the Soviet Union is dead, but socialism is alive and well in Washington, D.C." (which Mr. Sakellarios misquoted in his article).

Socialism is a political philosophy which advocates government control of the means of production: state-operated allocation of goods and services. Mr. Sakellarios implies that my statement that "socialism is alive and well in Washington, D.C." is an exaggeration. Nonetheless, the Clinton Administration's proposal to expand the health care system would usurp nearly 14 percent of the total Gross Domestic Product, exceeding the total cost of education and defense spending combined (*Wall Street Journal*, 10/7/93). Of course, President Clinton's recent tax increase, the largest in American history, will subsidize the cost.

Clearly, the free market is still with us — so are democracy, the Constitution and the right to choose your own doctor. However, I do not believe that to suggest that certain socialist elements are at work in the nation's capital is hyperbole. Mr. Sakellarios' assertion that my article was reminiscent of the McCarthy era recklessly exploits fear of right-wing intolerance and does a disservice to the entire debate surrounding health care reform.

Mr. Sakellarios' second shortcoming is his lack of appreciation for economic reality. He states, "Mr. Clinton plans to raise $105 billion by the year 2000 through new taxes which will largely come from a sin tax on tobacco... the United States is currently spending close to $900 billion dollars yearly on health care." There is one prominent problem here which is immediately evident: Mr. Sakellarios believes that the $105 billion increase in new taxes will pay for insurance for the 37 million currently uninsured. This is wrong.

I do not believe that Mr. Sakellarios has any idea of what he is talking about. He has no ideological, political or economic basis for any of the rhetoric he spouts.

The tax increase will fund new bureaucracy: regional health care alliances which will create ever expanding government-administered blocs of HMO's, physicians and patients. Corporate America will, in fact, pay the price of new health insurance. Socialists might think this is a good idea, but to the millions of working Americans whose jobs will be jeopardized, the Clinton health care plan reeks of dysfunctional macro-management.

In addition, Mr. Sakellarios' comparison of current health expenditures ($900 billion) to the proposed tax increase ($105 billion) is like comparing apples to oranges. Combined, the public and private sectors presently spend approximately $900 billion dollars yearly on health care. Mr. Clinton's $105 billion tax hike reflects only additional government spending. The tax increase represents a far greater increase in federal expenditures than Mr. Sakellarios would have us believe.

Lastly, Mr. Sakellarios makes a number of tangential, *ad hominem* remarks which tend to contradict one another. He cites the U.S. Postal Service in an attempt to prove government efficiency, but neglects to mention any of the hundreds of billions of dollars we spend yearly in entitlement programs.

He argues that because the rest of the industrialized world's countries have socialized their health care systems, so should the United States; yet the American economy is the strongest of all the members of the G-7 (and the caliber of U.S. health care remains the finest in the world).

Should we follow the French lead and create a system we are unable to finance?

Finally, he lumps John Locke, Adam Smith and John Maynard Keynes together as somehow representative of English liberalism. I would have sooner picked Prince Charles, Lady Di, Fergie et al.

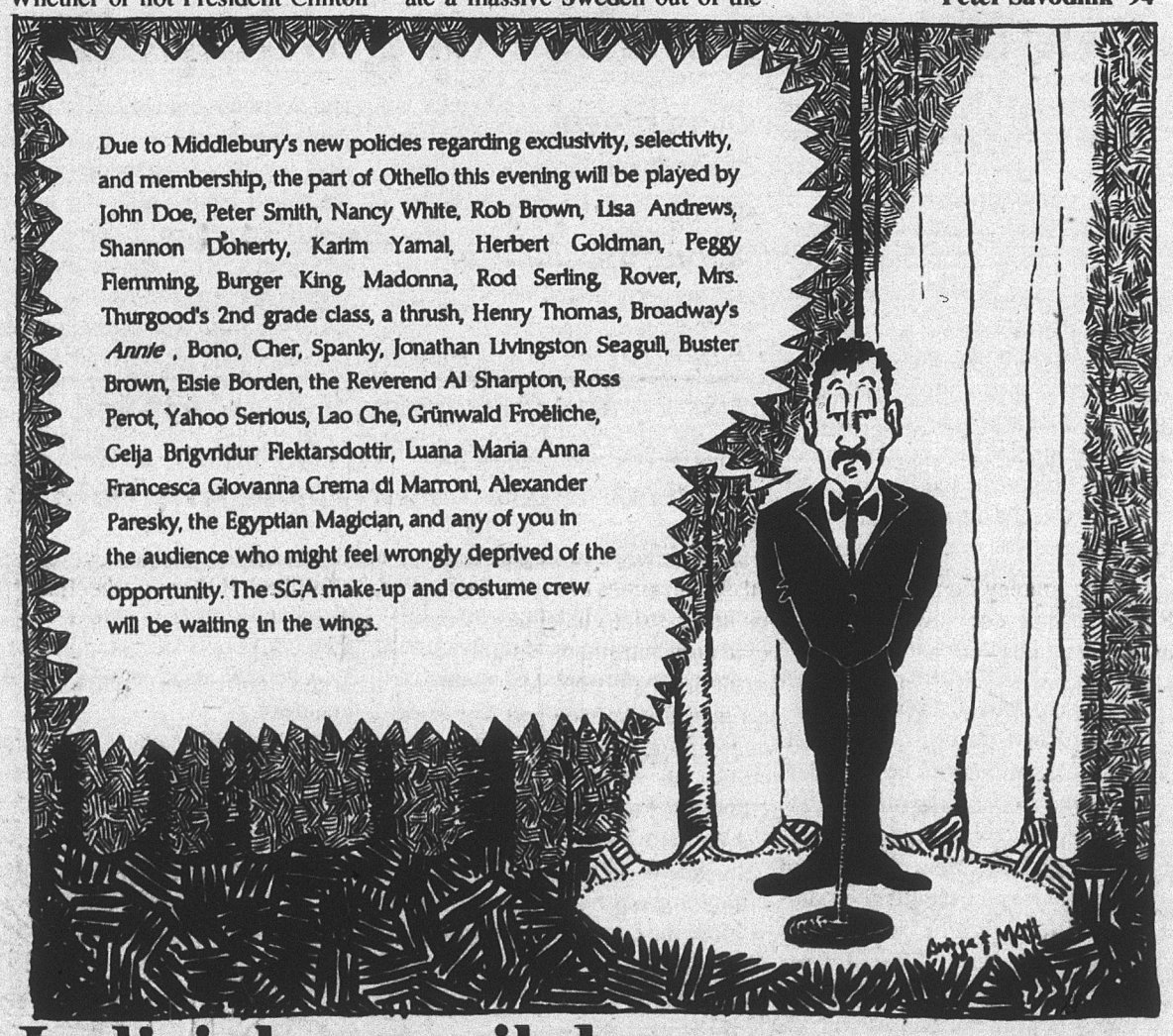
The unfortunate reality is that Mr. Sakellarios' article has little to do with economics or the House of Windsor or even health care reform. "Savodnik's Health Care Views Terrify" is symbolic of an entire movement of irrationality that has infected Collegiate America. Whether or not President Clinton successfully insures the 37 million Americans who are currently uninsured in this country misses the point.

Mr. Sakellarios has made a needless, groundless attack against democracy, the United States and western civilization. He attempts to silence all debate by labeling counter-arguments "McCarthy-like." He does not seek common understanding or intellectual communication but prefers to voice his own opinion and deride the opposition.

I do not believe that Mr. Sakellarios has any idea of what he is talking about. He has no ideological, political or economic basis for any of the rhetoric he spouts. His article is the product of a deep-rooted contempt for American democracy and western liberalism. Mr. Sakellarios would like to create a massive Sweden out of the United States. He forgets that Middlebury College was established in the tradition of Puritan egalitarianism and American independence. His hypocrisy is blatant and typical.

This is not about political status. Democrats and Republicans alike share a common love of freedom. This is about those Americans who wish to work within the system to improve it and make it grow and serve its constituents, and those Americans who would like to overthrow the system. Mr. Sakellarios has no desire to improve that system; his object is to revolutionize a society he believes inherently corrupt. Our differences lie not in health care, but in political philosophy. I believe in liberty and equality; Mr. Sakellarios believes in the Soviet Union.

Peter Savodnik '94


Due to Middlebury's new policies regarding exclusivity, selectivity, and membership, the part of Othello this evening will be played by John Doe, Peter Smith, Nancy White, Rob Brown, Lisa Andrews, Shannon Doherty, Karim Yamal, Herbert Goldman, Peggy Flemming, Burger King, Madonna, Rod Serling, Rover, Mrs. Thurgood's 2nd grade class, a thrush, Henry Thomas, Broadway's *Annie*, Bono, Cher, Spanky, Jonathan Livingston Seagull, Buster Brown, Elsie Borden, the Reverend Al Sharpton, Ross Perot, Yahoo Serious, Lao Che, Grünwald Froëliche, Gelja Brigvridur Flektarsdottir, Luana Maria Anna Francesca Giovanna Crema di Marroni, Alexander Paresky, the Egyptian Magician, and any of you in the audience who might feel wrongly deprived of the opportunity. The SGA make-up and costume crew will be waiting in the wings.

Judicial council deserves powers

Editor's note: For more information on this issue, see the Feaures article on page 12.

"Student judicial boards have become increasingly politicized to punish those who dare to stray from the prevailing ideological hegemony." Are student judicial councils all-powerful bodies that find pleasure in issuing warnings, probations and suspensions to students? Is this the case at Middlebury? I certainly hope not. Yet, as people approached me regarding Scott Gottlieb's article published in the September 17 issue of the "Wall Street Journal," I worried more and more about the perceptions students have of the Student Judicial Council at Middlebury College.

Scott Gottlieb argues that student judicial boards have too much power. He uses his own experiences at Wesleyan University to support his contentions. I will not argue with Mr. Gottlieb on this point. I will, however, remind everyone that Middlebury's council is not Wesleyan's. The Student Judicial Council at Middlebury does, in fact, have a lot of power. I will not deny it. If a student violates a college policy and chooses to appear before the judicial council, eight students have the chance to first decide the student's guilt or innocence. And, then, if he is found guilty, the same eight students decide upon an appropriate punishment. Punishment can range from community service to fines to official college discipline such as probation, suspension, and yes, for extremely serious offenses, expulsion.

The way in which the council is structured at Middlebury is unique. Many schools have both students and deans on their judicial councils. At Middlebury, deans and faculty are absent as voting members of the council. I qualify myself by saying "voting members" because a faculty member does serve as advisor to the council. The advisor simply makes sure that no point is overlooked by the council. Other than having one faculty member serve as an advisor, the council exists as a completely autonomous body. Whatever decision the Student Judicial Council renders is final. If the deans or faculty are not happy with a decision, too bad.

The Faculty Council has delegated to the Student Judicial Council the power to make all decisions concerning infractions of the academic Honor Code. It has also granted jurisdiction to the Student Judicial Council to provide a hearing for any infraction of college policy should a student choose to have his case heard by students rather than by the deans. Therefore, all decisions rendered cannot be debated. The Community Council appoints the members to the judicial council. So although it may appear that the judicial council has the chance to develop into an all-powerful body, it will not. For if at any point any member of the college community felt that the judicial council was usurping its power, it would be possible either to take

(continued on page 10)

Feedback

Editor's note: This is an occaional Opinions section feature introducing a comment or fact in order to provoke responses. Please send suggestions or articles to Opinions, the Campus, Drawer 30, through campus mail.

From a "Harvard Review of Philosophy" (HRP) interview with Harvard Professor of Government Harvey Mansfield, printed in the spring 1993 issue:

HRP: Do you think that the real problem with the American family today is that many women in two-parent families are working, or the fact that many, many families today simply have no husband or father present?

Mansfield: Well, both. Irresponsibility is naturally greater in the male than in the female—that goes with aggressiveness and a certain desire to escape entangling attachments. But the feminists fail to realize that a liberated woman also liberates a man. When the woman goes to work, then the man no longer has to work for her, to support her. When a woman gets a right to abort on her own, without any say from the father, then it is hard to say that the father still has responsibility when she doesn't abort. Every child that's born in America today is so as this result of the sole decision by a woman which, one could say, supersedes the responsibility of the father who engendered it.

College 'guides' ignore students' capacity to govern themselves

One of my strongest memories of my Middlebury career is from freshman year. To celebrate the completion of a paper due the next day, I cracked open a beer and contemplated going down to one of the houses later that night. A new issue of the Campus was sitting on my desk, so I decided to waste some time and read my favorite weekly column, "Quoth the Raven." The message delivered in that small article, over three years ago, continues to make an increasing impression on me.

The Raven usually talked about a trendy campus issue or sometimes broached a philosophical topic of general concern to the college community. No matter the subject, however, his style of writing and knack of exposing key points never failed to impress me. In that particular week, though, he deviated from his normally clear approach and confused me until I had reached the end of the piece.

His piece started off as a narrative with The Raven being led down a path by some unknown, older person. Every time he wished to step off the path and try new directions, his "guide" would admonish him and explain the dangers of leaving the path. It became clear that through walking the prescribed path, The Raven was supposed to gain a "proper" education — one that would prepare him for the future.

As the journey continued, The Raven became convinced by the unbending guide that this path was indeed the correct trail to follow. He no longer questioned the guide and, instead, was satisfied to allow his education about the world to be given to him. Finally, The Raven and his guide reached the end of the path where there was a gate. Walking through it, The Raven saw that there were many paths. Everything looked foreign and imposing. He became anxious and turned back to the guide asking what to do, where to go. The guide did not answer as the gate closed, leaving The Raven alone. The Raven was lost.

As I reflected on that old article (and continue to reflect), I understood that the author was talking about his Middlebury experience. I realized that every student here who does not question "guides," whether these guides are the faculty, administration or trustees, walks a narrow path and suffers from the lack of a real education. Too often are the courses of students at Middlebury charted by pilots who think they know what is best and who inadvertently sidestep the interests of students.

Every time one of these guides or pilots is asked about student self-governance and self-determination, the invariable answer is a testament to the benefits of giving students "responsibility" for their own lives and being "accountable" for the decisions they choose to make. I agree that, if truly practiced, this ideal of student responsibility and accountability would give students a true education — one that prepares them for the reality that they must make hard decisions *and* accept the consequences of those decisions.

Why then did The Raven write his troubling article? Why do students talk in upset tones about how "the school is screwing us over?" Well, my belief is that the ideal of student self-governance is not being fulfilled.

The reasons for this are simple. First, not enough students are questioning our guides and attempting to take alternative paths. Second, and more importantly, too often those who would be our guides through Middlebury are biased and believe that students are not capable governing themselves.

[S]how me a place where students were able to make substantial decisions over policy matters without certain members of the community openly doubting the ability of students to even attempt this task.

Consider, as one example, the fraternity/sorority discussion of last year. I co-authored a bill which would have allowed single sex social organizations to exist off-campus under strict guidelines as opposed to banning them outright with threats of expulsion. My feeling was that if these men and women wanted to join these things badly enough, the school should let them as long as they did not seriously interfere with other social options.

Sure there were some problems with the proposal, but many were solved through the most thoughtful student debate I had ever witnessed. We were giving students more paths to choose from, more chances to make meaningful decisions about their own lives.

In Community Council, one of the few places where a measurable amount of real student self-governance exists, my bill was killed. There were many reasons given for voting against the bill, yet a single intrinsic characteristic seemed to link them. In my opinion, it was an unconscious fear many have about students making important decisions. A fear that they will question the "unassailable principles" upon which our education is founded. This fear is the greatest enemy in our search for a real education.

Some "guides" say there is plenty of student self-governance. Look at the contributions to the Planning Document. Look at participation in all these College committees. Look at the Student Government Association (SGA).

Well, I would like to challenge them with a simple test: show me a place where students were able to make substantial decisions over policy matters without certain members of the community openly doubting the ability of students to even attempt this task. This doubt (or fear) does not occur in isolated cases. Unfortunately, it regularly surfaces in faculty, staff and even some Commons Council meetings. Sometimes this dangerous sentiment is explicit, other times it is couched in less obvious actions.

I am not asking for total autonomy. No group on this campus is totally autonomous; we all benefit from gaining input from other segments of the community. I am glad students give the faculty advice on the curriculum and I am glad the faculty give input on social life decisions. I have been around too long, however, to believe that this ideal "give and take" scenario is the primary vehicle of governance here.

In many cases, the decisions are made before students present their case. In others, student choice is overridden by concern for the "future of the College," as if students are not concerned with the future of their own school. It presumes that some of the brightest students in the world can not adequately debate issues or do not know when to ask for input if entering unfamiliar territory.

We, as students and future contributing alumni of this College, are extremely limited in determining the course of our own lives here. Some limits are necessary for the educational mission of the College to be fulfilled. However, other limits are imposed on us by those who feel that we do not know enough to make the right choices. What can be done?

We can start changes now. In the next few weeks, the social house bill which allows for houses to select membership will come up for a vote by the SGA. A poll will be

(continued on page 10)

Ship of Fools

by Derek Lounsbury

On November 2, the voters of the State of California are going to have to decide on Proposition 174. The decision: whether to maintain their currently inefficient and ineffective public school structure or to go the way of Indianapolis, Minneapolis and Milwaukee and issue vouchers.

The tax-exempt vouchers would each be valued at $2600 and permit each student (or his parents) to decide at which school, public or private, he would like to receive his education. California currently spends $5100 per student or 32 percent of the annual state budget on education. Experts anticipate this figure will increase to 43 percent within the next decade. Despite the high level of spending on education, state test scores are among the lowest in the country; for example, the state's fourth graders performed only better than Mississippi students on a national reading test last month. Recent polls indicate a clear consensus that a major overhaul of the California educational system is necessary; however, opposition to Proposition 174 abounds.

The primary concern that opponents of the plan have espoused is that students are going to flee the public schools in favor of private ones, leaving the public ones with only the poorest students and little money with which to educate. This argument suggests that we should maintain the public school system solely because it would be unable to compete with private schools under a system of choice!

It is true that the public schools would be unable to compete and many would probably fold, unable to improve their quality of education and decrease costs. The state currently employs one administrator for every 150 pupils in the public school system. Catholic schools in the state manage to achieve better results with just one administrator per 4000 students. Tuition fees at Catholic schools in the state average less than half of those (implicit fees) for public schools, ranging from $2000 to $3000, easily within reach of all voucher recipients.

We have to ask ourselves, however, what would happen in the short run as students flood private schools, driving up prices and leaving public schools with scarce resources. The results would be that the poorest students would inevitably suffer. However, this problem could be at least partially averted by enacting a period of transition during which impending competition would force the public schools to improve efficiency and quality of education.

The more promising option is for the state to sell all public schools to private interests, ultimately limiting government's role to that of tax collector and tuition distributor. California taxpayers and taxpayers across the country are tired of paying twice as much for a fraction of the education that their children could be getting. A voucher system coupled with an extensive sale of public schools would have the effects of guaranteeing the United States long term competitiveness, curbing violent behavior in schools (and ultimately in society), and fostering a sense of increased pride in America.

President Clinton, in his attempt to "address" the problem, has proposed an initiative, Goals 2000, which in part would include an increase in spending on public schools. In a recent discussion with the "economist," Eric Hanushek, economist at the University of Rochester, pointed out that almost 200 econometric studies have proven that increased spending does not bring about better results.

Starting in 1986, the state of Missouri, in the face of high dropout rates and low test scores, decided to devote billions of dollars to "improve" the Kansas City public school system. They established 56 magnet schools, each specializing in particular subjects. The Central High School received one computer for every three students, a five million dollar swimming pool, a six-lane indoor track, and fencing courses taught by the former head of the Soviet Olympic fencing team. Since 1987, the state has been spending in excess of $40,000 per student annually, while dropout rates have

(continued on page 10)

Sentiment

(continued from page 7)

any of the waters of the Nile that Egypt so direly needs for its survival." Perhaps our lack of popularity is hard for us to believe; perhaps we think we know better even than they do what is good for them; but if we are not even wanted, we must ask ourselves again: why are we there?

I support withdrawal, financial and military withdrawal as soon as possible (but guys, we do not have to announce publicly the exact date). We would not be human if we did not feel saddened by the plight of the Somali hungry. But does not Aidid or any other Somali political leader feel any compassion for his own people? Without clear objectives we do not belong in Somalia.

Let's also not, in the future, dismiss the insights of people like the general of the Italian forces in Somalia or the American ambassador to Kenya, who warned us what to expect in Somalia.

Although the African Islamic culture is ultimately a human one, it is perhaps more different from our own than we would have thought.

We should be cautious in our foreign policy, asking how our involvement will be viewed on the receiving end of these "cultural exchanges."

Although played down by the media, I also wonder to what extent concern over Islam factored into our foreign policy. Somalia is a country of only one tribe. Fighting is caused by clan disputes over power which encompasses religion. Is Islam the new fascism that some claim it to be?

As jury selection continues in the World Trade Center bombing case, let us ask ourselves if concern about Islam is merely paranoia or xenophobia, or whether we need to be wary of a massive political movement under the guise of religion. The Organization of Islamic Conference has over forty states as members, largely concentrated in Africa and the Middle East. Women who enjoyed comparative freedom five years ago are now forced to cover themselves once again in traditional clothing and veils; just one example of increasingly strict Islamic practices.

Unless we see Aidid or Islam as a threat to our national security, I do not see why we are there. All political correctness aside, I want our troops out; we do not owe Somalia anything.

Needed political reforms that hold politicians accountable to their people can best happen if we stay out. Involvement would force politicians to fight for U.S. backing as a necessary means of seizing power. What has U.S. interference gained for Nicaragua, for instance?

Catherine Bartinik '94

Town noise ordinance is sound advice for all

As many of you may remember, one of the changes which occurred last year was that the town imposed a noise ordinance which went into effect on April 18. The original ordinance prohibited music after 11:00 p.m. any night.

Through student initiative with the selectmen, a compromise was reached which allowed for no amplified music after 10:00 p.m. from Sunday to Thursday nights, but allowed amplified music until 1:00 a.m. on Friday and Saturday nights.

Students did an excellent job of complying with the noise ordinance late last spring and during senior week. I am writing to remind you to continue to avoid loud noise which disturbs our neighbors. The current Middlebury noise ordinance allows for one warning and then offenders can be fined by town police.

I am aware of several instances this fall in which our neighbors in Chipman Park have been disturbed by noise. As a reminder, please travel to and leave KDR quietly; do not walk through Chipman Park, but rather on Porter Field Road, and remember late night voices and other noise can carry. Please do not play amplified music with windows open and speakers directed outside.

Students have done an excellent job keeping noise levels down in the past few years and I am confident we can continue. Please help us continue to be good neighbors.

Ann Craig Hanson
Dean of Students

Judicial

(continued from page 8)

jurisdiction away or change the composition of the council itself.

When the Student Judicial Council holds a hearing there are two goals that are always met. In no particular order, the first goal of the council is to uphold the rules set in the handbook. The council is not a political body by any means. We simply deal with rules. We do not set the rules, but rather, we uphold them. There is little room for the council to get politically involved because, as I stated before, we are not only restricted by the text of the handbook but also by the faculty, deans and Community Council, who appoint us and grant us power.

The second goal of the council is to do what is best for the individual. As a student council we want to provide people with the opportunity to learn how to behave and grow. College is preparation for the real world. It is specifically for that reason that the Student Judicial Council exists. Let's face it, nobody wants to be subject to real life rules in college. The council serves as a buffer from these rules. For example, if you are found illegally possessing alcohol while at Middlebury you will most likely appear in front of the judicial council. You will not be arrested. In the real world you are. The Student Judicial Council serves to educate and nurture students who make mistakes. Nobody is perfect, and the council does not expect perfection. Yet, we do strive to educate individuals in the hopes of making a more perfect community.

I do not claim by any stretch of the imagination that the Middlebury Student Judicial Council is a flawless body. Yet, I want to make it clear to the Middlebury College community that the judicial council is not an all-powerful body that meets in Old Chapel and acts as the college's police force. The council is a student body that exists not only to promote the well-being of the college community, but also to educate the individual beyond the confines of the classroom. Do not disregard Scott Gottlieb's arguments, for they are valid concerns. Yet, remember that there is another side to every argument. Fortunately, the "other side" in this case can be pleaded by Middlebury College.

Kristin A. Dulong '95
Vice Chair
Student Judicial Council

'Guides'

(continued from page 9)

taken beforehand to educate the general student body about its implications and to gauge student opinion. Numerous people on the faculty and administration have expressed concerns to the authors about this bill and discussion is welcomed with them now and when the bill goes to Community Council.

However, this is an issue where students should make the ultimate decision to accept the proposal or reject it. The potential for impact on our lives is great and we feel confident in our ability to make the right decisions. There are many paths to take and, as a body, we must choose the best one without an imposing guide. Indeed, we would love to work together to find the best path, but we must refuse to be directed as was The Raven.

This is only one issue, but it is a good place to start. Perhaps we must fight every time for the right to make decisions on other big issues. Perhaps we must relentlessly prove our ability to lead ourselves. Whether you are on a Commons Council, the SGA, a committee or just interested in your rights as a student, always remember that you were chosen to come to Middlebury because you are intelligent and a demonstrated leader in one way or another. Take charge of your future here by demanding the right to make decisions about it. Do not be led blindly down the path or you are paying $24,400 for nothing but grades, food and a room.

Brendan O'Leary '94
SGA President

Midd

(continued from page 7)

enjoy Sasha and Robert's guitar-playing and catch the news every so often, the phone is passed around as everyone calls home to calm frantic parents.

Oct. 4, 5:20 a.m.: Yeltsin troops deployed around Kremlin. *7:15 a.m.:* Beginning of assault on the White House *9:00 a.m.:* Yeltsin addresses the nation on live TV *9:40 a.m.:* Storming of White House begins. *12 noon:* Shellfire from Yeltsin tanks starts fire on thirteenth floor of the White House. *11 p.m. — 5 a.m.:* Curfew imposed. *7 p.m.:* Rutskoi and Khasbulatov surrender. *8:30 p.m.:* Gunmen still holed up in White House; sniper fire continues in several areas of the city.

Some of us are up early enough to see a few minutes of the fighting around the White House on live TV and Yeltsin's speech. Linda calls at 9:30 — yes, you have class (collective groan). Our class building is pretty quiet; many classes have been canceled; many students and professors are unable to get here because all transportation in the center is shut down. Our first class is short and distracted. Our professor shows us the White House from our tenth floor classroom window. During our break, we discuss how odd it is to have a war happening "right over there" and watch as thick black smoke begins to pour from the upper stories of the White House.

Our history professor arrives late and agitated; he speaks much faster than usual and his fingers play hysterically with his watch. He is embarrassed that this is happening in his city, his country. He says that tanks in the street, people rioting, political chaos are all things one might expect to see in a third-world country somewhere. It should not be happening here in Moscow. And then class continues as always. Linda brings pizza and wine for dinner, and Monday night is a virtual repeat of Sunday — vodka, music and calls home.

October 5 and 6: Sniper fire continues in certain areas of the city. Press censorship is lifted. Curfew still in effect. Death toll estimates range from 150 to 500. Honorary guard at Lenin's Tomb removed for first time since 1924. Classes are canceled, and we are confined to campus until Thursday.

October 7: Official day of mourning. 170 funerals, to be paid for by the government, are planned. Flags are at half-mast. Transportation into the city stopped.

We are back in class, but our professor is forced to walk long distances because the buses are not running and he arrives very late. So we discuss the week's events with our teaching assistant. There is an anecdote already making the rounds to the effect that after the 1991 coup, Yeltsin could abolish the Communist Party; after this one, the guard at Lenin's Tomb; and next year, he will have to have another one so Lenin can be buried.

We are finally allowed out into town, and everyone makes some kind of shopping excursion. A few people go to the center for pictures of what is now known as the Black House. Thursday night is quiet; police report that this is the first night since 1917 that not a single car was stolen in Moscow.

October 8: Classes are as usual. A trip to the market turns out to be rather surreal — most of the fruit and vegetable sellers are absent. Many of the outdoor rows are empty, and several kiosks by the metro are closed up. The weather is gorgeous and peace seems to have returned to Moscow.

The article which was part of the unfinished homework Sunday suggests that Russians believe "that history moves in a circle, not a straight line. Ask a wrinkled babushka selling vodka on the street about Yeltsin's chances of success, and she will leapfrog" past Gorbachev's failure to Krushchev's. An intellectual will compare Yeltsin to one of the failed reform-minded tsars. ("A mind of their own," *Time*, 12/7/92). Our history professor confirmed this in lecture Monday afternoon. The scheduled topic was the Time of Troubles, 1598-1613. He then added the dates 1914-1929 and 1985-2000? (W.W.I. to Stalin's consolidation of power, and the beginning of *perestroika* to?) He suggested that every country has its own cycles; Russia seems to needs a fifteen year period to work itself through political turmoil. So, as Yeltsin declares victory, world leaders cautiously support his authority, and the Russian people continue life restlessly, it is necessary to remember that Mother Russia always decides her own fate in her own time.

Carolyn Ashby '94
Schdell Marquez '94
Meg Regan '94
Alison Vreeland '94
Charlotte Forbes '95
Julia Bonde '95
David Diamonon '95
Corey Tournet '94

Ship

(continued from page 9)

increased 50% and reading and math scores have declined precipitously. There is overwhelming evidence that more money is not the answer to the educational difficulties in California or in other parts of the country. California voters face few options on November 2. The state cannot financially maintain the current system; parents are dismayed by the education the state is providing their children, and little federal assistance is in the offing. Although the transition period to a voucher system may prove difficult, the long term benefits are clear. The private sector has proven its ability to deliver a high quality education at only a fraction of the cost of its public sector counterparts. Clinton may still be against handing a portion of education over to the more efficient private sector, but others who are closer to the problem, such as Chicago Mayor Richard Daley, are seriously considering a voucher system. We must remember that education is fundamental to a successful society; vouchers offer the opportunity for everyone to receive a quality education regardless of race, language, income or place of residence. Proposition 174 will certainly be a big step toward the education goals of California's residents. Coupled with a full-fledged privatization, Proposition 174 would be the ideal model for all other states and communities to follow.

MARK FELDMAN

Look Who's Talking...

This is a true story. At least, it resembles one.

It all began last Friday. Here's the scenario: I am on line at Proctor, admiring the variety of J. Crew sweaters everyone around me was wearing while discreetly trying to pick a wedgie which my good friends had the courtesy of giving me just previous to our departure for Middlebury's finest dining experience.

I am a senior. Big fat hairy deal. It means I am burnt out, legal to drink, and I act disdainful and condescending toward first-year students. I am not complaining.

It also means I have an old ID card. I can hardly recognize the immature boy beneath the soiled lamination, staring at the camera lens with a grim and senseless half-smile. He was once a first-year. Now that boy is me: writer-of-column, hater-of-cheese-bread and follower-of-Nguyen. So many years have passed, so many memories; it all seems like a dream...

My reminiscing is gently interrupted by my good friend who places his foot delicately on my rear and says softly, "Dude, wake up and swipe!"

I love my friends.

I hand over my precious ID card, which I realize will someday be one of my fondest pieces of memorabilia when I enter the harsh and biting "real world." (I shudder internally at the thought of such concepts; "real world" and the other one, "real work.")

This is where things start to get ugly.

I notice the lady who normally sits by the entrance to Proctor, her pleasant smile adding to the warm atmosphere inside where moist fish sticks and scrod a la mode await the fearless diner. I start sweating profusely as she attempts to jam my crinkled and somewhat tattered piece of memorabilia through the swiper machine. I hear the people behind me groan in disappointment; although, several remain hopelessly optimistic, offering words of encouragement such as: "Try it the other way," or "Swipe it really quickly," or "Thanks a lot, jerk, for giving her your screwed up card so we can all wait an extra five hours before we can eat the crap they're serving inside."

Warm fuzzies, that sort of thing.

Finally, the lady, this watcher of the Great Entrance, looks at me with a puzzled expression. I couldn't tell whether she was

(continued on page 14)

These dogs know more than just "sit" and "stay"

By Ben Spiess

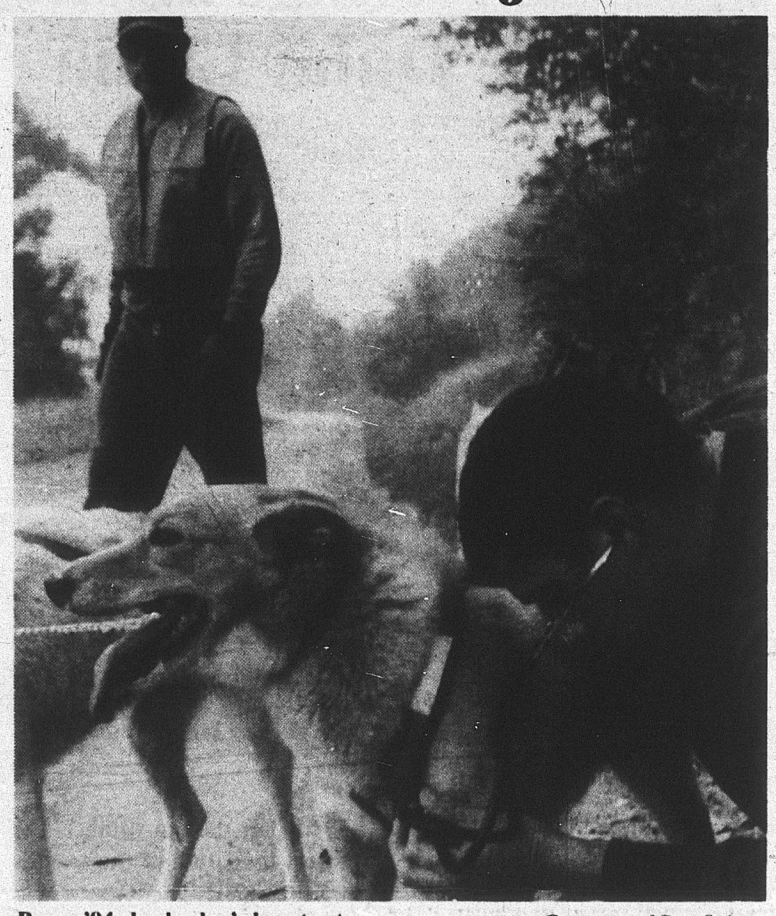
Ed Blechner owned his first dog in college after he picked her up from the Humane Society. She followed him everywhere on campus until she was hit by a car and killed. Two years later he got Ari, his first sled dog, and began his love affair with these beautiful working dogs. Today, Blechner lives with 18 sled dogs at his home on Snake Mountain in Addison. He told the story of his long involvement with dogs as he portioned food into stainless steel pans for the sled dogs' evening meal.

"Seeing my first dog die taught me a lot about responsibility," Blechner reflected. "When you own an animal like a dog, you make a commitment to it. You've got to have a relationship with your dogs. If you do, well, they'll reward you. And if you pay attention, they'll teach you."

Blechner tucked a stack of steel dishes under each arm. He motioned for Andy Bozzo '94 and me to each grab a few dishes, and we stepped outside. The evening broke into a chorus of long howls, whines and barking. It was dinner time. The dogs were staked around the edge of the yard, running in frantic circles and straining at their chains.

"Normally, they're a little quieter than this," Blechner shouted above the din. "It's meal time, and they smell a new scent."

In a pen near the front door with a high chain link fence, a lithe, black and white dog leapt into the air again and again. Blechner entered the cage and set the food near the dog house. The dog ignored the pan and placed her paws on Blechner's chest and nuzzled her snout into his armpit. Blechner laughed and stroked the dog on the head. He then stepped out of the cage and moved onto the next animal. Again and again, the process was repeated. Blechner or Bozzo brought food to the dogs, but they only ignored it, jumping, licking and pawing for attention.



Bozzo '94 checks dog's heart rate. *Courtesy of Ben Spiess*

As the dogs began to eat, silence settled over the woods and house. The dogs finished their meals, and they began licking their coats or resumed whining and pacing around their stakes. The dogs were close enough together so they could see, hear and smell each other, but they were chained far enough apart so they could not touch each other with paws or teeth. Sled dogs are very social animals, and they need to live and interact with each other. But too close contact can regenerate into struggles and fighting as the dogs work out pack hierarchy.

"I had a big fight the other day," Blechner told us. "Bruin and Jordan ganged up on Tubby when they were getting exercise in the pen. They were fighting over Starnose." Starnose is a black and white dog who was in the fenced pen. "When you have a bitch in heat, it can cause some real problems. Tubby had to get stitches over his eye and on his side. It was a mess." Tubby was not the only one who went to the hospital that day. Blechner added, "Oh yeah, my fingers got pretty cut up when I was breaking up the fight." I noticed his right hand was swathed in a dirty bandage.

Blechner is a big man. He stands about 6' 4' and is wide and powerful. He has thick black hair, flecked with gray and covered with a cap, with the logo "Konari Outfitters." Konari is the sled dog supply business he runs out of a small store in Middlebury. "I'm not much of a business man," Blechner admits with a grin. "I do it because I love dogs."

Blechner moved quickly around the yard, taking care of the evening chores. He picked up all the feces with a shovel and scooped it into a plastic bucket. Meanwhile, Bozzo brought water to each of the dogs. Working around the dogs can be dirty work. Blechner was clad in sweat pants and a yellow nylon wind jacket with "Eagle Brand Dog Feed" stenciled on the front.

"I've got a sponsorship from Eagle feed because of the work I do with my dogs at schools in the area," he explained. Besides his business and the occasional guided trip out into the woods with his dogs, Blechner spends most of his time giving presentations with his dogs at schools or at special working dog seminars. "I do so many things with the public that it's important that my dogs are well-socialized and trained so they work together well."

There are many breeds of sled dogs. In Blechner's pack of eighteen, there are Siberian Huskies, Alaskan Huskies, Alaskan Malamutes, Samoyeds and one Cana-

(continued on page 13)

BI 302: Intense class goes beyond birds and bees

By Janine Zacharia

If the thought of getting up close and personal with bats, birds and small rodents turns you on, then Middlebury has got the course for you. It's Natural Vertebrate History with spunky Biology Professor Steve Trombulak.

Being an animal lover, however, is not the only prerequisite for Biology 302. You also must enjoy getting up to see the sunrise four days a week (that includes Sundays folks), as well as sacrifice whatever meager social life you may have secured at Middlebury, and have approximately 24 hours per week extra on your hands to spend down by Otter Creek boat house, on Camel's Hump and in Greely Talc Mine, an hour's drive from campus.

Yes, while it is still dark, and most of us are still snoring in the wee hours of Monday, Wednesday and Friday mornings, these fifteen adventurous (and some would argue, crazy) Middlebury students, and their gung-ho, but avowedly "tired" professor, are out "mistnetting" — a.k.a. catching birds. Sunday mornings at 7 a.m. they are up on Camel's Hump checking out the tiny mammals that they caught with the traps they set the day before. And on Tuesdays, sometimes until 8 p.m., they are in the mine chilling with the bats.

Biology 302 has caught the attention of many around campus for two reasons: its exclusive field-oriented format (no boring lectures and note-taking in this class) and for its rebellious, jam-packed class schedule—the class meets 6 days and at least 24 hours per week.

Crazy? Grueling? Beyond the call of duty? Not according to the members of the class. Each of the students I spoke with agreed that the outrageous time commitment was part of what made the class such a huge success.

Meeting for 24 hours per week is the "only way you can do the stuff we're doing," said Jeremy Hertzig, '94. Interested in pursuing field biology professionally after graduating from Middlebury, Hertzig appreciates the "real research" experience he is getting from the course.

"There is no worse way to study vertebrates" than the traditional three hour lecture/three hour lab time schedule, said Trombulak. Trombulak finds the students' commitment, dedication, and positive attitudes "refreshing." "There is a type of student at Middlebury that truly wants the meaningful educational experience."

Students hold small mammal traps. *Courtesy of Christine Kennelly*

Biology 302 is a hands-on, hard core, techniques course. The students are being trained in the thriving field of conservation ecology. The research is divided into three components: study of the microhabitat selection and colonization patterns of bats at Greely Talc Mine, examination of bird migration patterns across the Champlain basin and analysis of the changes in population density of small mammals on Camel's Hump. Keep in mind that small mammals do not mean "Sammy the squirrel" or "Charlie the chipmunk." We're talking deer mice and short-tailed shrews.

Many of the students said they enjoyed "bird banding" the most. The birds are first caught in a huge, finely-knit net, then untangled, observed, banded and set free. "I like getting to actually hold the bird," said Ruth Kelty '95.

Kelty said the class can be at times "pretty crazy," and the "cold mornings stink, but we all knew what we were getting into."

Tim Bernard '94 said, "I'm learning cool stuff in the course." Bernard also commended the six day per week time commitment saying, "you can only understand what you're doing when you've done it in a repetitious way. It is as if we're beginning to learn about a forest

(continued on page 15)

Margolis shares his feelings about candy corns and the Dalai Lama

By Mark Feldman

Name: Gary Margolis
Position: Director of the Center for Counseling and Human Relations
Hometown: Brookline, MA
Birthday: May 24
College: Middlebury (Class of '67)
Major: Sociology

Whether you are confronting serious issues or just need a friend to talk to, one man has been standing ready for 22 years, helping students to cope with their situations. Gary Margolis is not your average psychologist. His office, located on the second floor of Carr Health Center, is furnished with a warm and inviting couch. Add to that Margolis' warm and inviting personality, and it is no wonder Middlebury students are some of the most psychologically stable students in the country.

In this week's "Up Close and Personal" interview, I not only got a chance to meet our college's premiere psychological counselor, but I also found out that I was repressing my inner child. Who knew?

Question: How long have you been a psychologist?

Margolis: I've worked at Middlebury for 22 years.

Q: How would you define your job?

M: I support students as they go through the struggles and pleasures of their college lives.

Q: Are you married?

M: Yes.

Q: With children?

M: I have one son and one daughter.

Q: What are your hobbies?

M: I like to write poetry, travel and watch all sports.

Q: What are some major issues facing first-year students?

M: Leaving home and the familiar, and being in a new place that raises a lot of feelings.

Q: What do you think of Sigmund Freud?

M: Which one?

Q: What was the inspiration to your hit song, "Bad Love"?

M: Having to leave high school.

Q: When you get depressed, can you counsel yourself?

M: Yes, when I get depressed, I look for a good friend.

Q: Do you like candy corns?

M: I love them.

Q: What do you consider to be 'casual dress'?

M: Jeans and a T-shirt.

Q: Who is a famous person you admire?

M: The Dalai Lama.

Q: Do you believe in ghosts?

M: Yes.

Q: What is the key to being happy at college?

M: Believing in the Dalai Lama and ghosts. By that, I mean, being of good spirit to yourself and others.

Q: Do you have any obscure talents?

M: I can whistle apples out of the trees.

Q: Do you think the Commons System is helping to create a more dynamic and integrated community, promoting harmony within a nurturing environment; or do you think it's just a chance for kids to get free burgers and dogs once a semester?

M: Both.

Q: What is a good book that deals with psychology?

M: "The Heart is a Lonely Hunter" by Carson McCullers and "Care of the Soul" by Thomas Moore.

Q: Do you ever hypnotize students?

M: No.

Q: What do you think is the greatest invention of the twentieth century?

M: Candy corns.

Q: Do you think Hieu Nguyen plays mind games, or is he honest with his feelings?

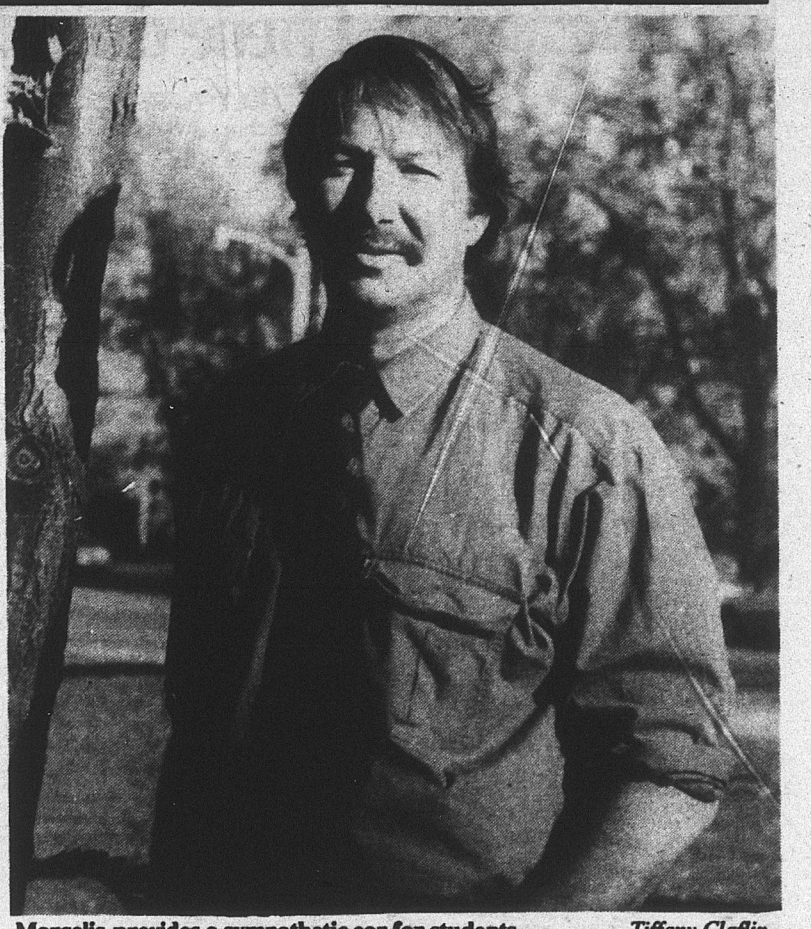
M: I think Hieu really knows how to share his feelings on or off roller blades.

Q: When you get pulled over for speeding, can you use the Jedi Mind Trick on cops to get out of it?

M: Yes, and may the force be with you.

Q: And finally, when is your next album coming out?

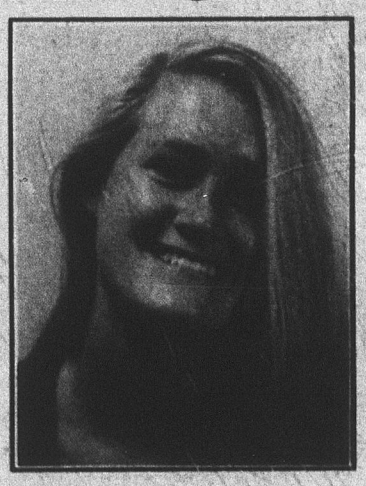
M: When I plug it in.



Margolis provides a sympathetic ear for students. *Tiffany Claflin*

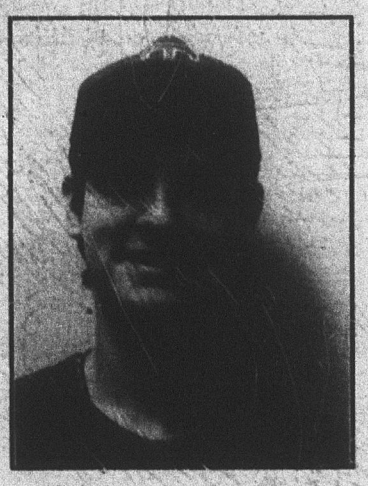
CAMPUS VOICES

How big an issue is body image among Middlebury students?



"It's a serious problem here. I'm tired of seeing emaciated women working out on the Stairmaster three times in a row. And then they eat way too small portions at meals, worry about what other people are eating, and then make the people eating normal portions feel uncomfortable."

—Jennifer Parry '93, RHA



"People here are too concerned about what they eat. It seems to be much more of a women's issue, but it does happen to men, to a lesser degree. It comes out among men in the fitness center."

— Jed Morse '94

"It's a problem for everyone—a lot of guys, too. There is a great number of anorexic, bulimic, and exercise bulimic people—they eat and then work out for hours afterward. I think women feel like they have to be skinny, but most guys disagree; most don't seem to like real skinny women. I know that on the West coast, guys like thin women, but here that doesn't seem so. It seems like a way for some women to gain control over their lives."

— Lindsay Brown '96

Compiled by Jeremy Davidson
Photos by Tiffany Claflin

Judicial council works to provide justice for all

By Elizabeth Del Colliano

The judicial council of Middlebury College defines itself as fair, impartial and ultimately concerned with the general well-being of the students who come before them. Yet, recently, a number of troubling questions have been raised about how similar councils at other institutions handle the considerable power given to them.

The *Wall Street Journal* printed an article in which the disgruntled author, Scott Gottleib, cited various power abuses that had occurred at Wesleyan University involving harsh convictions based on scant evidence for crimes such as rape.

At Middlebury, however, members of the judicial council say that Gottleib's anger unjustly represents judicial boards outside of the four colleges he discusses in his article. Kristen Dulong '95, vice-chair of the council, says that student autonomy is something that effectively enforces justice on campus.

Students can fairly evaluate the actions of fellow classmates without fear that the decisions of the judicial council are influenced by the "invisible hand" of Old Chapel. Dulong stresses this point, saying, "We are unique from other groups on campus in that we are given power from the faculty to make the decisions on our own. That is a responsibility we take pride in and do not treat lightly."

It would make sense that those most closely connected with the college would be the most fit to handle cases of its student population.

Being a part of the college and interacting with its community allows the council to acquire a certain perspective on things—a view that might be lost with a board heavily comprised of faculty.

This is not to say that the eight students who make up the Student Judicial Council control everything, making decisions on all issues concerning the student body. Their primary commitment is to deal with honor code violations and social infractions. Specific harassment problems are handled by the Harassment Committee. A typical scenario of the judicial process can be seen in a flow chart which the council makes available to those interested.

First, a complaint is made to security or the deans' offices. Then, once an incident report is filed, the student in question receives a charge letter. The charged student meets with a dean and makes a decision to either have a Dean's hearing or a Student Judicial Council hearing.

If at the end of the hearing, the student is dissatisfied, he or she can appeal and be heard by the Judicial Review Board, a committee made up of the Dean of the College, two students and two faculty members, which is organized specifically for the handling of appeals and the hearing of plagiarism cases.

The power to judge and convict students at Middlebury is checked by the fact that there are four separate councils: the Student Judicial Council, the Deans, the Judicial Review and the Harassment Committee. The procedure allows the student to make choices regarding the means of judgment, as well as offering a promise of complete confidentiality and impartiality in the decision-making process.

Of course, not all committees are without their glitches. Won Kim '94, chair of the Judicial Council, admits that the rules of the handbook are "purposely vague" to allow the board to make more arbitrary decisions based on the situation before them.

While this allows for flexibility, it also creates problems. For example, the charge of "disrespect for persons" could mean anything from mouthing off to a security guard to a case of date rape. A date rape may not be sent to the Harassment Committee because the very name of

(continued on page 13)

Elisabeth Egan

Tales from abroad

Aer Lingus Flight 104 landed as the sun rose over Dublin last Tuesday morning. It was one of these moments that should have been poetic, gazing out the window at the sun-dappled land of my forefathers. Instead, I was craning my neck around a snoring woman only to catch a fleeting glimpse of the airplane wing. And, I haven't spotted the sun ever since.

I spent my first days on foreign soil in the An Oije youth hostel on the north side of Dublin. The Beaver College study abroad program hosted a series of orientation meetings geared towards acclimating the group of jet-lagged students to Irish life. I learned how to change an Irish light bulb, how to operate an electric shower and where to buy the proper plug for an Irish blow dryer. (Plugs are not automatically included with the purchase of an appliance in Ireland.) I opened a bank account at the Bank of Ireland (Where else?) and registered myself with the police, or *garda* as they are called.

I felt very much on the fringes of Irish life until Friday, when we were packed into a Eircann bus and sent to County Cork for a home-stay with a family. In a village called Carrigaline, I lived with the police sergeant, Bill Dooley, his wife Bernice, and their children, Elizabeth and Gerard. I was surprised how similar this family is to American families. The most significant differences were in speech; by the time I left on Wednesday, I was describing Bernice's homemade brown bread as "brilliant," calling french fries "chips" and referring to the toilet as the "loo."

I was baffled when Bill Dooley, an officer of the law, advised me to go to Rosie's Pub for some "good crack." I found out soon thereafter that "good crack" meant having a good time in Ireland.

The first night I stayed in Carrigaline, I gave Elizabeth and Gerard some American coins. Gerard identified the Lincoln Memorial on the penny and said, "I know Lincoln. No slaves." He was also familiar with Thomas Jefferson and George Washington, referring to him as that "lad with a ponytail." I felt ashamed that the only Irish history I know is the potato famine. Elizabeth was not as well informed as her brother about American culture. One day she asked me, "Do you live in Disney World?"

My favorite Dooley was Bernice, with whom I had a number of long talks about the situation of women in Ireland. I was surprised to hear that she had recently participated in an assertiveness-training class at the local parish. "We're all trying to learn how to say what we feel," she explained.

On Saturday, she took me to a local woman physician to get

(continued on page 15)

And you thought Don King had bad hair

By Gene Swift

I walked into an audition this summer at a small theater company and handed the director a copy of my head shot and resume. After a cursory glance at my eager and dirty-blond self, he then looked down to where I had written "Hair Color: Brown," and asked, "Dye job?"

Dye job? *Moi?* I managed to contain my indignation enough so that my only response was to take the paper from his hands, cross off brown, scribble in "Blond," and thrust it back into his hands.

"Better?" I asked.

My hair, for as long as I can remember, has been a subject of much ridicule among my friends. It simply has a mind of its own. Early in my youth, I can remember my mother taking a brush which could easily have been used to strip paint from a car and inflicting a side-part upon my head, much to the approval of my then-crew-cut father. Midway through a typical elementary school day, especially after lunch, recess or gym, my hair would rebel against this parentally-imposed appearance by popping up and out in unflattering directions. Like Clark Kent, I would have one or two boyish curls embellishing my neat coiffure, but they would not be placed so neatly in the center of my forehead like my crime-fighting counterpart: straight out from the side of my head was a very popular direction.

In tenth grade, I decided enough was enough, and I let my hair do what it wished. This is a major step for someone coming from Long Island, where more tools and chemicals are used by high school students to sculpt and shape hair than all those used in NASA's shuttle program. I will never forget that night in my first-year fall when I played a video tape of my high school's senior banquet (the equivalent of the senior prom) for my friends, and resounding cries of, "Oh my God, look at his hair!" echoed through the hallowed halls of Hepburn. Janine Zacharia '95 only recently fought her Huntington, Long Island roots (no pun intended) and went from the sculpted "frontal wall o' hair" thing to the more natural short, curly and professional look.

Now, I find myself being ridiculed once again for the design I have chosen for the top of my head. I could not cut it all summer because of a show I was in, and then, frankly, I had neither the time nor the money for a hair cut. Granted, it is now bordering on what could be described as dangerously-out-of-control, but I've gone so long without a hair cut, I just can't bring myself to go for that much-needed trim.

However, a side effect of my mop-like appearance is that I have become acutely aware of the varieties of hairstyles around me. There are those who have joined me in the, "I just comb/brush it" approach. Then there is that strange, coming of age/bonding thing done by many of the sports teams which involves a unified head-shaving effort. There are those who cannot decide between shaving their entire heads or going *au naturel* and shaving just a portion of their cranial covering — usually the sides. There is the henna-wash fad, which involves the rinsing of some herbal concoction through one's hair in order to "bring out the natural highlights." (Remember when it was beer and raw egg, folks?)

And finally, there is that Gamut Room guy who has proven that it is easy being green.

I think this variety is good. There are a few changes I would like to see, however:

1) The inverse mohawk. Much talked about, rarely seen.

2) A Middlebury male unafraid to go hatless on those days when a shower just isn't possible.

3) A non-sports-related organization which shaves its collective heads (such as the Campus, perhaps).

4) Security Officer Dave Winborn's infamous "hippie-picture" on the cover of *Esquire* or *GQ*. If you have not seen it yet, ask him about it. He'd love to show it to you and share memories of the sixties.

Judicial Council

(continued from page 12)

"harassment" indicates something that is a repeated offense, whereas a date rape may be an isolated incident.

Also problematic for the judicial committee are the "your word against mine" cases. Dulong says that "the burden of truth lies with the accuser." The honesty of the accuser is by no means sufficient evidence to base a judgment which may have tremendous repercussions for the students involved.

When a serious matter like the yelling of a racial slur is brought before the council, one must rely more on evidence than the word of the victim.

Unfortunately, in cases such as that, there is often little evidence to be found.

Although no "perfect" committee exists at Middlebury, the Student Judicial Council is evidence of a commitment to responsibility and the college justice system.

Dogs

(continued from page 11)

dian Sled Dog. Despite their different breeds and personalities, each of these dogs loves to work and pull a sled. "These dogs have been bred for generations to pull. It's instinctual," Blechner tells us. "The art of working with dogs is entering into a relationship with your pack. Humans communicate with hands and speech; dogs communicate with their bodies by barking, growling, their ears, posturing, everything. You've got to be in tune with the animals, aware of their mood and the pack dynamic to be a good sled dog driver."

Bozzo is working with Blechner and his dogs on his senior biology thesis. He is studying sled dog physiology. By monitoring heart rate and temperature when the dogs are working, he hopes to establish a groundwork for studying conditioning in working animals.

"I'm hoping to see some correlation between conditioning and theoretically, a change in heart rates, but we'll see." Bozzo paused and continued, "You know, no one has ever done any work in this area. I'm not even sure it's going to work out. But I just like hanging out with dogs. It's a good excuse for a thesis."

The next morning, Bozzo and I met Blechner on Mountain Road in Weybridge to do some conditioning with the dogs. It is a long straight dirt road with a long hill. Blechner brought six dogs with him. "Just a little workout to slowly work into training," he said. Blechner has built a special compartment on the back of his pick up truck with eight separate dog boxes. He lifted each dog out and chained them to the bumper of the truck, and Bozzo began taking heart rates. The dogs knew what was coming, and they whined in anticipation.

Blechner harnessed each dog and attached them into the traces in front of a steel training sled on wheels. The lead dog was Mossy, a small but very intelligent Alaskan Husky. Next to Mossy was Acorn, a white Samoyed. Behind the lead pair was Jordan, another Samoyed and Bruin, an Alaskan Malamute. In the rear were Maple and Sap, brother and sister Malamutes.

"You know, no one has ever done any work in this area. I'm not even sure it's going to work out. But I just like hanging out with dogs. It's a good excuse for a thesis."

Bozzo and I climbed into the car and took off in front of the dogs. On the hard packed road, the dogs did an easy 20 miles per hour, loving every minute. They passed a Rottweiller and a Sharpei. Blechner called to the dogs and they moved right past without noticing the two dogs; they were intent on the road in front.

Blechner has three basic commands: "Gee!" which means go to the right, "Haw!" go to the left and "Whoa!" to stop. The dogs respond quickly to the commands.

Two miles down the road he stopped the dogs, turned the cart around and let them catch their breath. "You can't force the dogs," Blechner said. "It is very early in the year right now. Their feet need to toughen up, and they can only stand short work-outs." After a few minutes, the dogs were up, and Blechner took off again down the road. Back at the truck, he and Bozzo removed harnesses and loaded the sled.

After a tough workout, this pup is pooped. *Courtesy of Ben Spiess*

"You were asking yesterday why I run dogs. Well, I'll read you something I wrote." Blechner began to read from his essay, a story about a long day of traveling through the fir forests of Northern Quebec. After traveling for twelve hours, Blechner was still on the trail. As the sun set, the temperature dropped, everything seemed to seize in the cold. He and his dogs reached a packed snowmobile trail and began running under the night sky.

"It was one of those incredibly clear winter nights with the stars showing off and the Northern Lights dancing overhead now and again. I lost track of time as the dogs, the snow and sky and the night all seemed to become as one — held together by a thin thread, woven in an ancient place, in another time."

"Dogs are simple animals," Blechner says as he loads the dogs back into the truck. "Their code of behavior is straightforward and reliable. Take care of them with food, water, attention and love, and they will work for you till they drop.

Treat them with a little dignity and respect, and they can make you the richest person on earth."

Blechner handled the dogs carefully and lovingly after the workout. Before they went back in the truck, he checked their paws and stroked their heads.

Ed Blechner is, indeed, a wealthy man.

Squirrel remains silent regarding last week's telephone catastrophe

By Mark Feldman

Name: Eddie "The Pecan" Squirrel
Position: Head Squirrel
Hometown: Detroit, Michigan
Birthday: January 13
College: Walnut Grove State
Major: Joint Nutology/Religion

Question: How long have you been at Middlebury?

Eddie: Somewhere between two to five years. I lose track when I hibernate.

Q: Where do you live on campus?

E: Mostly around Starr. Sometimes I go by the New Dorms, but that place is a hole.

Q: What's your favorite type of nut?

E: Macadamias, but they're hard to find.

Q: Do you ever get cold or does your fur keep you warm?

E: Usually the fur is enough, but if it gets real chilly, I just slap on some thermals.

Q: What do you think of chipmunks?

E: Most of them are okay, but some of them can be real jerks.

Q: Are you afraid of cars?

E: No, but I stay away from motorcycles, those guys are nuts.

Q: What's your favorite television show?

E: "National Geographic" and "The Magic Garden." Also, "Star Trek" is cool but only the old ones. "New Generation" bites.

Q: What do you think of Hieu Nguyen?

E: The dude can blade.

Q: Were you responsible for the shut down of the telephone lines last week?

E: [smiles] No comment.

Q: What do you think of humans in general?

E: They waste too much time playing Nintendo.

Q: What do you do on the weekends?

E: Either forage for nuts or go to the opera. Depends on my mood.

Q: Are you an herbivore?

E: Well, technically, I am a vegetarian, but, every once in a long while, I splurge and go for a nice sirloin.

Q: What do you think of the Commons System?

E: I think the Commons System is an excellent opportunity for students to get involved in the social life here and make a positive contribution to the community. However, I don't think they hold enough events for rodents.

Q: What do you consider to be your greatest accomplishment?

Eddie prepares for the big winter sleep. *Tiffany Claflin*

E: Learning to program my VCR.

Q: What's your favorite movie?

E: "Howard's End"

Q: What do you do when you are feeling depressed?

E: Usually, I drop by Gary's [Margolis] office. He has open hours on Fridays for small mammals.

Q: What's your view on American culture today?

E: Too many lawyers, not enough nuts.

Q: What is something that really ticks you off?

E: When people try to imitate the "Beavis and Butthead" laugh.

Q: And finally, what are your major goals for the year?

E: Survive and reproduce.

WRMC rookies learning which buttons to press

By Shamoil Shipchandler

What's up with you people out there? Everyone listens to the radio. It is a standard feature of American life. Yet, when you come to Middlebury, all of a sudden, you tie the flannel around your waist and crank up the Dead. Well, there is a surprise in rural Vermont. WRMC, Middlebury's college radio, is on 24 hours a day. Now why, you say, should you listen to this station? Consider the top five alternatives to listening to WRMC...

5) You could be dodging Doctor Proctor.

4) You could be watching your roommate hook up yet again.

3) You could be doing work.

2) You could be doing more work.

And the number one alternative is: You could be in a first-year dorm, having Mark Feldman sign his name on your forehead.

College radio is probably the most exciting thing that can happen in these four years of your life. Where else can you get such an amazing variety? Rock, reggae, classical, news, folk, urban contemporary and talk shows. It is the only place where you can hear the truth about the music on the air: "And how about that new music from Napalm Death. Have you ever heard a worse song?"

It is also nice to give a little support to the poor disc jockeys who have the graveyard shifts. Consider my partner Digger and I, on at one until three every Sunday morning. The only people awake are too drunk to tie their flannel around their waist, and since we are fledgling radio DJ's, we can make mistakes, and no one will lynch us. Digger: "This is the Sham and Digger show comin' at you live and loud..."

Me: "Pssst...Digger, turn on the mike!"

Digger: "This is the Sham and Digger show..."

Me: "The mike, the button on the left!"

Digger: "This is the Sham show, he's brand new here..."

Since we are amateurs, we are allowed to screw up. At least, we think we deserve a little slack. After all, there are a lot of buttons in that station. Consider what happens when the phone rings:

Phone: Briiiiiiiiiing!

Sham and Digger: "Dude, which buttons answers the phone?"

And when we do finally figure it out:

Phone: Briiiiiiiiiing!

Sham: "Hi, this is the Sham and Digger show, this is Sham, what can I do for you?"

Caller: "Mumble, grumble mumble,"

Sham: "What's that? You want to make a request? Sorry, we can't do requests yet. We're only amateurs."

Even though mistakes happen, disc jockeying is still probably the most fun one can have. Also, listening can be a blast. Listening to the brand spanking new DJ's trying to sound coherent on the air or listening to them trying to mix songs together can be a lot of fun. And then, you can call and request something really strange that no one has ever heard of.

If you listen hard enough, you can hear the DJ's scrounging around the station, trying to find the Killer Love Beetles.

And as time goes by, and we get better and better, you can listen to the smoother mixes, and mistake-free broadcasts, and you can think to yourself, "I knew them when they sucked."

Caller: "Hey, I'd like to make a request...can you please play 'Drink the Night Away' by the Killer Love Beetles?"

Sham and Digger: "No problem. After all, we're professionals."

Talking

(continued from page 11)

frustrated at her own failure (probably) or angry at me for giving her an unreadable card (hardly likely). I said politely, "I guess the lamination is coming off."

She replied, "If that's a smile on your face, you better wipe it off before I knock it off." At least I knew what the puzzled expression meant.

I suggested to her (with a most grim and lifeless expression), that perhaps I should go to security and have my card re-laminated. She responded by showing me her collection of skulls that once belonged to students with screwed up cards. I laughed at her little scare tactic.

Then I ran.

Well, you know how college life is: You always have about four hundred things to do; you plan to spend a half hour on each thing and then wind up playing kill-the-guy-with-the-hacky-sack in the hall for the rest of the day. As it turned out, I had an English paper due that day, so naturally my friends and I decided to whip two-liter soda bottles at each other for hours on end—which is surprisingly more fun than it sounds.

Enter dinner.

There I stand, the idiot that I am, laughing and joking, as I wait on line for dinner. (They were serving fried rubber and egg foo gunk that night.) All the time, I'm moving closer to the front of the line, oblivious to the fact that I had forgotten to get my card re-laminated.

As I hand it over, I remember.

I see her eyes turn blood-red, and the students behind me are all backing up, grumbling like scared pigs in a chute. Meanwhile, I'm not going anywhere because the lady's now got me by the collar, and I'm starting to hyperventilate just a tad.

"This card is confiscated."

I look at my friends, knowing that at times like these, I can rely on them for support and comfort. They shrug indifferently and walk into dinner.

I really, really love my friends.

Just then the pathos of my situation overwhelms me, and I crumple to the floor, crying hysterically. Someone steps on my hand, and I move to the old Crest Room where it's a lot safer to cry. (Also, the theater majors think it's neat.)

Hunger grips my stomach, and I crawl from table to table, sobbing and begging pathetically for food. Someone wearing a black turtleneck hands me a roll and suggests I try out for the departmental show. I run out, forcing the precious morsel of nourishment through my chapped lips.

The next day, I go to breakfast. For obvious reasons, I'm not in a good mood. When I arrive, I notice that the swiper lady from hell is not around. My heart leaps with joy. I step up to the kind, warm-hearted woman who now occupies the chair, reading a catalogue featuring new and innovative bird feeders. I say, "Hi, my card was confiscated yesterday, and I've only had a small roll to eat since last night which was given to me by a theater major. Can I go in?"

The lady, who bears a striking resemblance to Mother Teresa, looks at me with generous eyes, beaming charity, and says in an angelic voice, "No card, no food. Now beat it. You're holding up traffic, bub."

I stagger away, weak with disbelief and hunger. Rummaging through the old trays discarded by the multitude of CNN watching zombies, I manage to scrounge up some old French toast sticks and a half-eaten bowl of Cocoa Puffs. I eat these ravenously, not caring who sees me.

Regaining some dignity, I stumble over to Security, ragged card in hand. "Please," I gasped, "you must help..."

Things got a little fuzzy after that. Apparently, I had fainted from exhaustion and stress. When I woke up, however, the security lady handed me my ID card, shiny and new with fresh lamination. Barely audible, I heard a chorus of angels singing praises to the Lord.

"That'll be ten bucks."

My heart sank. I didn't have any money. Would she take the card back if I couldn't pay for it? And why the hell were they charging me? What's wrong with this place? I stared at the woman, knowing it was time to speak out against all the torment I had suffered. Taking a deep breath, I pointed a finger at her and said defiantly, "Can I put it on my card?"

In the end, things worked out. I'm eating regularly now, and whenever, I see someone having trouble with their card on line, I have to laugh to myself, because, thank God it's not me.

Also, I got a part in the play. Who says there's no such thing as a happy ending?

We're looking for a few good stories.

If you've heard any good features stories around campus, we'd like to know. Give us a call at x4499 or x3837. (and we thank you for your support)

Burning Questions

Illustration by Amanda Frankel

From the files of Amy Synnott and Ellen McCrary

Q: Where did the expression "rule of thumb" come from?
—Teresa Cooper '94

Centuries of semantic ferment have distilled this seemingly innocuous expression from its decidedly more masochistic roots. Commonly used to connote a form of standard measurement, "rule of thumb" was initially used to check domestic violence in Britain. Men were obliged to limit the size of their whips they used to beat their wives to the girth of their thumbs. Assuming a certain unspoken correlation between the size of various male appendages, this "rule of thumb" suggests a rather dubious connection between male virility and the propensity to abuse.

Q: How many muscles does it take to smile? To frown?
—Anonymous

Not surprisingly, it takes more energy to be a cynic than an optimist. It requires 17 muscles to smile and 43 to frown.

Q: Where does cottage cheese come from?
—Markell "Melancholy Doodie" Kiefer '96

Cottage cheese originated nearly 600 years ago during the reign of Charlemagne. During this time in Europe, the "cottage industry" was experiencing a revolution. Also, King Charlemagne was hungry a lot. A rather innovative food distributor by the name of Glutimus Magdelus put cheese, milk, eggs and Grape Nuts in a blender and poured the concoction in a barrel which he forgot about for several weeks.

Upon opening the barrel, he discovered the mixture had congealed so he sent it to the castle claiming the new food to be "cheese of the cottage." A few days later, Glutimus was beheaded, but he was later to be recorded in history books as "the father of cottage cheese."

Q: What does the grateful dead mean to a folklorist?
—Anonymous

Grateful dead refers to the practice of burying a corpse at great personal risk in order to secure connubial favors from the deceased. Somehow, the latter arranges a bride for his undertaker, conferring his matchmaking skills beyond the grave. One might venture to say that Jerry was a little hard up when he coined the name.

Q: How does Santa Claus really know who's been naughty and who's been nice?
—Andy "You can call me Mandy" Roebuck '95

For generations, children have wondered whether Santa Claus is watching them. A correspondent from the North Pole informed us that Santa Claus monitors nearly 95 percent of the continental United States using close-circuit cameras and a staff of over 55,000 spies who note the activities of all children who have been issued a social security number. The government has allegedly set aside a 'Santa' fund which has been estimated to exceed over 1.2 billion dollars to the man in red. Some economists actually blame this spending for the current budget deficit. Naturally, the fund needs to be kept a secret to preserve the 'mystery of Santa.'

The fund is expected to increase to 4.7 billion dollars by the year 2000 at which time Alaska and Hawaii will also be fully monitored. "For now," explained the correspondent, "we just have parents alert us to their children's behavior. It's not a great system, but, frankly, we've been short staffed for nearly a century so it'll have to do."

Please send your Burning Questions to Amy Synnott at x 6299.

Biology

(continued from page 11)

instead of learning about a single tree," he said.

For those of you who are concerned about the welfare of these apparently overworked and underrested students, be assured that they will soon get a breather. Autumn break marks the end of the six day per week intensive research component.

For the rest of the semester, as the birds fly south and the bats and tiny mammals go into hibernation, the students will be coming indoors to analyze their data and specimens.

So, if you're a biology major looking for a challenge, check into Vertebrate Natural History next fall. For me, I think I will just stick to Milton and Faulkner for the time being.

Tales

(continued from page 13)

medicine for a case of pink eye that I contracted somewhere between America and Ireland.

Bernice and Dr. Good started chatting about how the world would run better if it was organized by women.

In Carrigaline, feminism seemed to be very much alive — just in a tight-lipped way, among women who have callused hands but do not show them for all the world to see.

For the sake of posterity, I have to mention that I kissed the Blarney Stone on Sunday afternoon. Nobody warned me what a frightening experience it would be mounting stories of damp, narrow staircases spiraling to the tower of Blarney Castle.

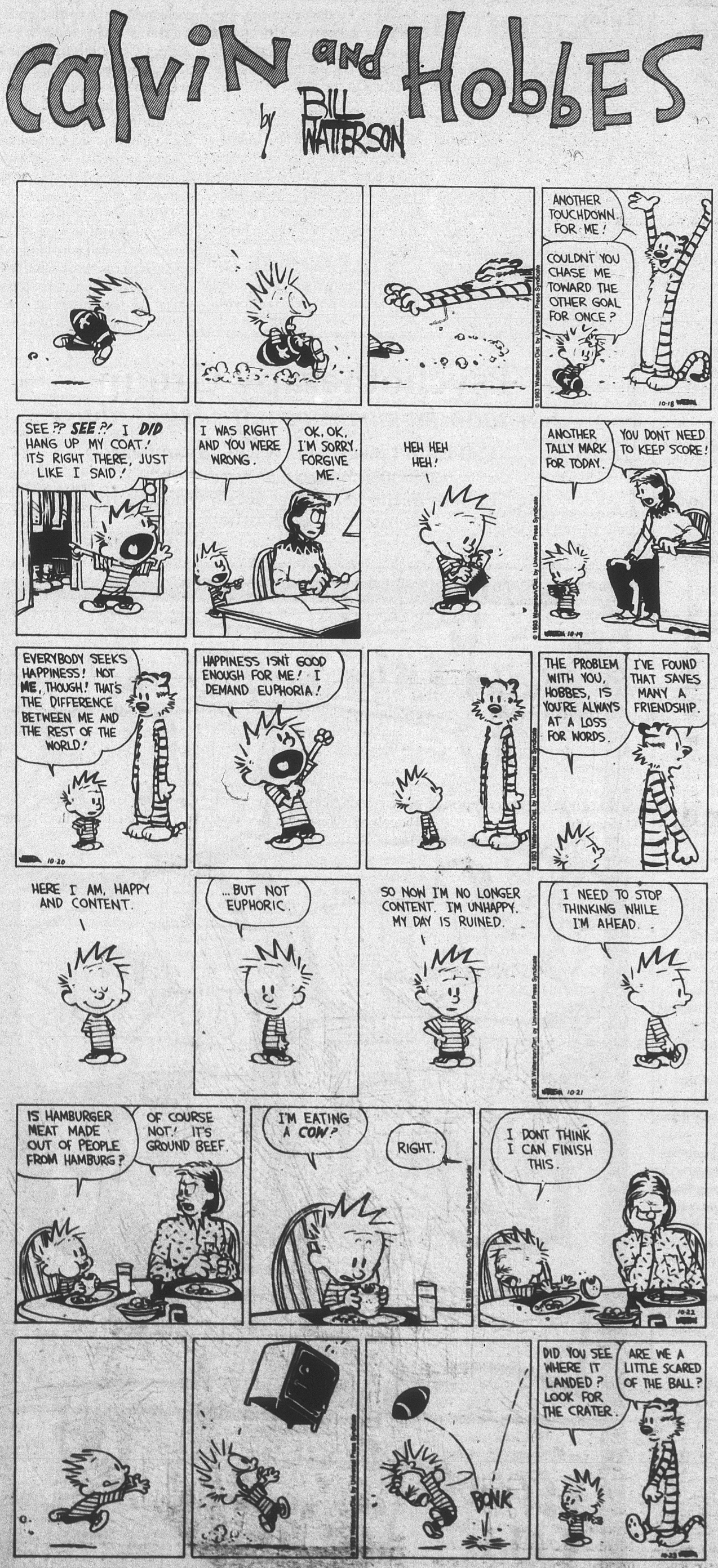
The weather was gray so everything had a medieval hue. Luckily, Bernice didn't tell me until after I came home that an American tourist couple accidentally dropped their baby from the window of the top-floor rooms on their way up to kiss the stone.

As I soon learned, the Blarney Stone is actually a part of a wall that was imported from Jerusalem when the castle was first built. The only concession the Irish have made to tourism is a shop at the base of Blarney Castle that sells Blarney Stone ashtrays, tie tacks, coffee mugs and Celtic-lettered explanations of the legend that the kiss bestows the gift of gab. (Responding to this Sergeant Dooley said, "Seems to me like you've kissed that stone before. Seems to me that you ate the thing.")

I still haven't started classes, but today, I registered for them. All you have to do is sign your name on a card to let the administration know that you plan to sign up for classes within the next couple of weeks. I'll let you know how it turns out...

Psychotherapy Group
For women survivors of sexual abuse
Call Faith Lowell M.S.W. and Evan Bear
388-3056 Insurance Accepted
"To help in the healing process, working in connection with others."

FACING REALITY
JEANINE WOKE UP IN A COLD SWEAT WITH ONE THING ECHOING THROUGH HER BRAIN..... WHO WAS THIS PERSON IN HER BATHROOM?.....
MEANWHILE BARRY WAS THINKING..... "WHOSE BATHROOM AM I IN?"
JEANINE REMEMBERED GOING TO A PARTY AND GETTING SMASHED OUT OF HER MIND...
BARRY REMEMBERED GETTING DRUNK AND ACTING REALLY STUPID....
EVENTUALLY THE WHOLE EVENING CAME BACK!!...
WHAT DID I DO? HOW DID I GET MYSELF INTO THIS?...
WHAT ABOUT.....
WHAT ABOUT....
WHAT ABOUT AIDS!
THEN THEY BOTH REALIZED MUCH TO THEIR RELIEF THAT UNLIKE THE REST OF US....
THEY WERE JUST CARTOON CHARACTERS!
FOR MORE INFORMATION CALL.
1-800-662 HELP
GET HIGH GET STUPID GET AIDS
COUNCIL
NATIONAL INSTITUTE ON DRUG ABUSE. U.S. DEPARTMENT OF HEALTH AND HUMAN SERVICES.


Calvin and Hobbes
by Bill Watterson
ANOTHER TOUCHDOWN FOR ME!
COULDN'T YOU CHASE ME TOWARD THE OTHER GOAL FOR ONCE?
SEE?? SEE?! I DID HANG UP MY COAT! IT'S RIGHT THERE, JUST LIKE I SAID!
I WAS RIGHT AND YOU WERE WRONG.
OK, OK, I'M SORRY. FORGIVE ME.
HEH HEH HEH!
ANOTHER TALLY MARK FOR TODAY.
YOU DON'T NEED TO KEEP SCORE!
EVERYBODY SEEKS HAPPINESS! NOT ME, THOUGH! THAT'S THE DIFFERENCE BETWEEN ME AND THE REST OF THE WORLD!
HAPPINESS ISN'T GOOD ENOUGH FOR ME! I DEMAND EUPHORIA!
THE PROBLEM WITH YOU, HOBBES, IS YOU'RE ALWAYS AT A LOSS FOR WORDS.
I'VE FOUND THAT SAVES MANY A FRIENDSHIP.
HERE I AM, HAPPY AND CONTENT.
...BUT NOT EUPHORIC.
SO NOW I'M NO LONGER CONTENT. I'M UNHAPPY. MY DAY IS RUINED.
I NEED TO STOP THINKING WHILE I'M AHEAD.
IS HAMBURGER MEAT MADE OUT OF PEOPLE FROM HAMBURG?
OF COURSE NOT! IT'S GROUND BEEF.
I'M EATING A COW?
RIGHT.
I DON'T THINK I CAN FINISH THIS.
DID YOU SEE WHERE IT LANDED? LOOK FOR THE CRATER.
ARE WE A LITTLE SCARED OF THE BALL?
BONK
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CLASSIFIEDS

SPRING BREAK: Seven nights from $299. In-ıdes: Air, Hotel, Transfers, parties, and more! Nassau, radise Island, Cancun, Jamaica, San Juan. Organize small group. earn FREE trip plus commissions! 1-0-426-7710.

ANNOUNCEMENTS

Middlebury College Snow Bowl: Exceptional per-ns who are strong alpine skiers with good people ills and would like to teach skiing at the Snow Bowl ıd on.

The Alpine Ski School will hold it's first training ssion for all potential instructors on Thursday, Oct. We will always meet at the Fitness Center Lounge ım 7:00 until 9:00 p.m. The other nights are October , November 3 and November 9. Helping folks learn ski can be a very exciting and fulfilling experience.

FOR SALE - Couch and love seat, recliner chair, holstered chair, table lamps and floor lamps, plants d dishes and many other items. For more informa-ın call Irv Senecal, 388-2034 after 3:00 p.m.

Anyone interested in starting an intercollegiate ɔmen's softball team please contact Jody Emerson, 141.

PERSONALS

Gladiola, UMass is only a hop, skip and a jump away dear! - Bert

Kupa and Cawa - Snow in September sucks. Eat the lemon cookies while you can. - MYM LYM, Kamka

"THIS GUY" for Queen (oops, King) in '94

OVERHEARDS

I'm trying to get it in with my eyes closed. - a persistent senior woman

I've been too good...Now I'm having that yearning in my loins. - a sophomore in a slump

Don't touch him...he's mine. - woman outside Barnes

He's out. He's in. - sophomore trying to juggle two men

But is this how the New York Times would do ? - Campus editor kneeling before the newspaper god

I hope you enjoy your fries and they don't give ıu any diseases. - Crest Room worker to a Security officer

Do these shirts amplify body odor or is it just at I smell real bad? - overheard in the Crest Room on a Tuesday night

Just think, if an armed gunman did blow you way in the Crest Room, it would shatter the myth the Crest Room. - to AC 220 students in the Crest Room

You're cheating on me with another newscaster! - WRMC Board

Gay Jeans Day is about as effective as if they'd ad gay baseball hat day. - somewhere in Twilight

Some people learn quickly; others have to be beaten. - an overzealous Classics professor

Can I get Hair Club for Men on my legs? - In a Voter Suite

[He] has the worst underwear...it just falls apart. - On campus somewhere

A deadly disease takes its toll on the creative community

By Matthew Williams

A decade into the epidemic, Acquired Immune Deficiency Syndrome (AIDS) has affected all of our lives in some way or another. As most of us eagerly await any advancement in the cure of this disease, some of the more devastated communities have begun to take direct action. Following the lead of the gay community, artists in many American cities have begun their own campaigns to confront the effect that AIDS has had upon artists.

Robert LaFosse, who has been a principal dancer with the New York City Ballet for seven years, came to Middlebury on October 12 as a part of Coming Out Week. LaFosse spoke to a large audience in Twilight Auditorium about his book "Nothing to Hide," an account of his life in the dance world, and he also discussed the effect of AIDS upon the artistic community.

Artists and the world at large were rocked by the death of Russian dancer Rudolph Nureyev last January. The death in July 1992 of American artist David Wojnarowicz, perhaps best known to outsiders for his work on the video for U2's "One," helped bring to the surface the effect of AIDS on the arts.

In his introduction of LaFosse, Andrew Wentink '70 said "Nothing to Hide" had been noted for its depiction of the dance community, and especially for being "so candid about one's personal life without implicating or demeaning others" in the gay and dance communities.

In the years before he wrote his book, LaFosse remembers hearing of the "gay disease" affecting certain people in the art circle in New York. He spoke of a fellow dancer who had injured himself while performing, and whose rehabilitation had taken longer than expected. In his attempt to return to dancing, LaFosse noted that his friend was often tired, and never could return to his earlier level of performance.

After this man's death a few months later, "I knew this disease would be something big, something creeping up on us. One year you hear of two people dying, then the next year it's four, and then eight," said LaFosse. The effect of seeing people he knew succumbing to AIDS gave LaFosse a new perspective on his life. "It makes you understand that everything you hear and see is important."

Like other artists who are faced with the deaths of their friends, or who must live with AIDS themselves, LaFosse is taking personal action. During his talk, LaFosse spoke of the benefit in New York City to take place October 18. Involving not only dancers, but also people from the fashion and music world, the benefit is organized as a series of five to ten minute performances choreographed with some of the dance world's biggest names. LaFosse's show had already raised 1.5 million dollars.

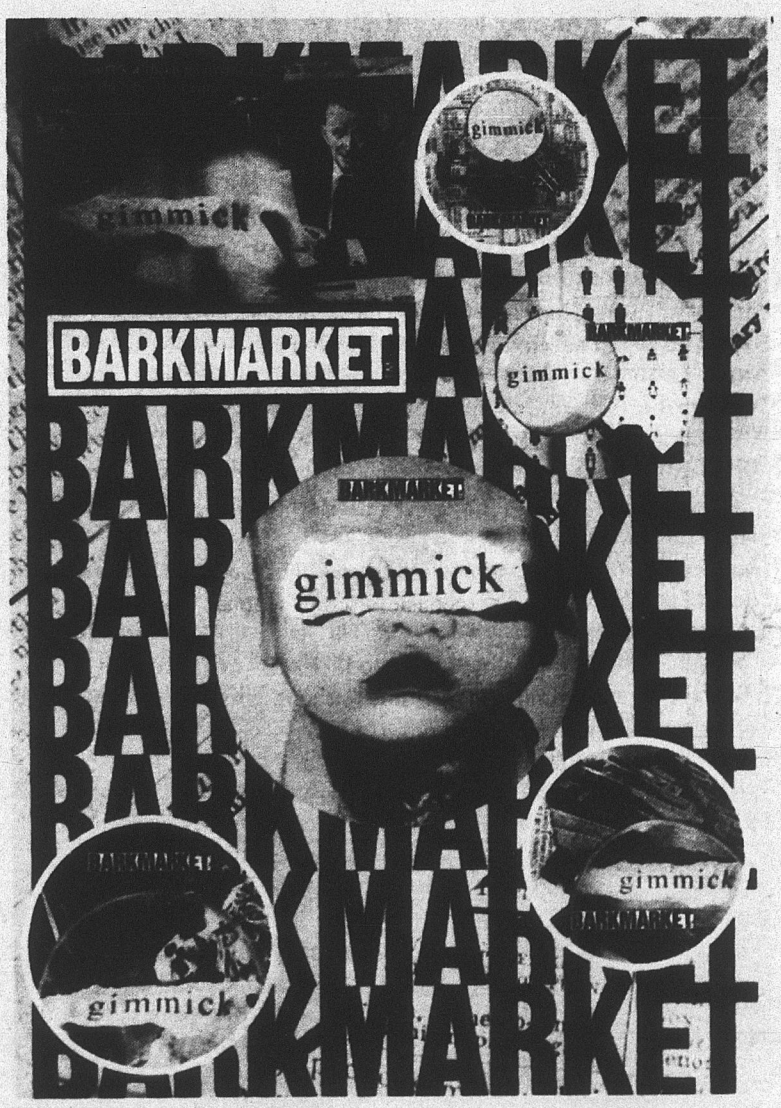
Ironically, LaFosse is wary of all the interest and coverage that AIDS and AIDS related benefits have received in the past year or two. "It's fashionable to support AIDS — it frightens me. You have people who have donated fifty to one hundred thousand dollars." He adds with a grin of equal parts pride and disbelief, "You wouldn't believe the problems we've had with people fighting over what table they want to sit at."

The fallout from AIDS has brought the efforts of other artists as well. A *New York Times* article from last spring explained how gay writers confront, and live with, AIDS. Wrote Michiko Kakutani, "It's a means of defying the illness and its inducements to sentimentality and despair, a life affirming refusal to allow the disease dominion." Authors like David B. Feinberg ("Eighty-Sixed") and Peter McGehee ("Boys Like Us") have written personal stories that detail the day to day trials of living in the specter of death.

The efforts of LaFosse and others comes at a critical time in the age of AIDS. At the Ninth International Conference on AIDS, held last winter, the results of the so-called "Concorde" study were released. The study was the longest and largest of its kind, involving over 1700 asymptomatic AIDS patients. The subjects of the study were given either AZT or a placebo. 265 of those who received AZT from the start either had died or developed full blown AIDS during the study. In comparison, 284 of the patients who started with the placebo had died or developed full blown AIDS. The study concluded that AZT was only useful in the first year of treatment for asymptomatic patients, and neither prolonged life nor slowed the development of AIDS.

In the absence of a cure, and the failure of drugs like AZT to extend the life of AIDS patients, the efforts of artists such as LaFosse are a new treatment to a growing disease. Even more so, it is a treatment for the problem that faces LaFosse in his interactions with his friends every day.

As he said during his talk, "Every time I say 'Bye, I'll see you tomorrow,' who knows, you may never see them again."



Metal soothes Deadheads

By John Colpitts

As a reviewer (and I suppose as other things) I have aspired to be a guerrilla of sorts. I naively believed in my ability get a stranger to listen to a band I found legitimate. These days I have abandoned such hopes. Since I don't think I would be a happier person if the world revolved around my self-conscious opinion, now my reviewing is done entirely in self interest. If I like a band, I'll write about it. No aspirations beyond that.

There is good reason why music lovers are an excessive and overblown segment of the population: we have an identity crisis. Out of fear for "self" preservation (and I mean this in the broadest sense) we grasp onto any band that drifts our way. We want to define ourselves by the music we listen to.

But before I talk about the band featured in this article, I'd like to tell of an experience I had this summer which I think relates to my old guerrilla sensibility. Basically the sensibility (to paraphrase Funkadelic) is "free your mind and your taste will follow." In my heart of hearts I still naivily believe that, if you gave it half a chance, some of you would actually like the music I mention in these articles. Don't be uptight just because your mother disapproved of your Twisted Sister album when you were cool. Musical taste is defined by what you are willing to experience.

If you get squeamish when you hear a band, it's because you are afraid of feeling the way the music will make you feel. You are not objecting to the music itself. That's why I take issue with classic rock fools. They are fed the past. They are already dead in stagnant nostalgia. Already they deny their own generation. They identify with a people they will never experience.

My futile argument is this: you have the potential to enjoy all mu-

(continued on page 20)

Yo, Stallone film has poor dialogue

By Robert Perez

Warner Brother's press release calls this film "a stunning future freshly portrayed on the motion picture screen." The only thing I would add to that it's also extremely painful to watch.

If you expect too much of a movie, you can be greatly disappointed. On the other hand, sometimes you can expect nothing from a movie and leave pleasantly surprised. "Demolition Man" is the rare case where, even expecting nothing, you are still guaranteed to be extremely disappointed.

Imagine the most painful movie you've ever seen. Maybe it's "Robot Jocks," perhaps it's "Short Circuit II." Could it be "Mannequin?" Whichever nemesis you choose, "Demolition Man" will rival it.

Sylvester Stallone and Wesley Snipes star in this fall's least anticipated film. It co-stars Sandra Bullock and the "copy guy" from Saturday Night Live.

Boy this was bad. A friend reminded me that we hardly ever use the phrase, "Say, what's the big idea?" anymore. I responded with, "Well, it's outdated, it wouldn't work today." Unfortunately, "Demolition Man" proved me right. In fact, this film represents one of the worst jobs of reproducing believable or even entertaining dialogue ever. A close second is that Estevez and Sheen garbage men movie, "Men at Work."

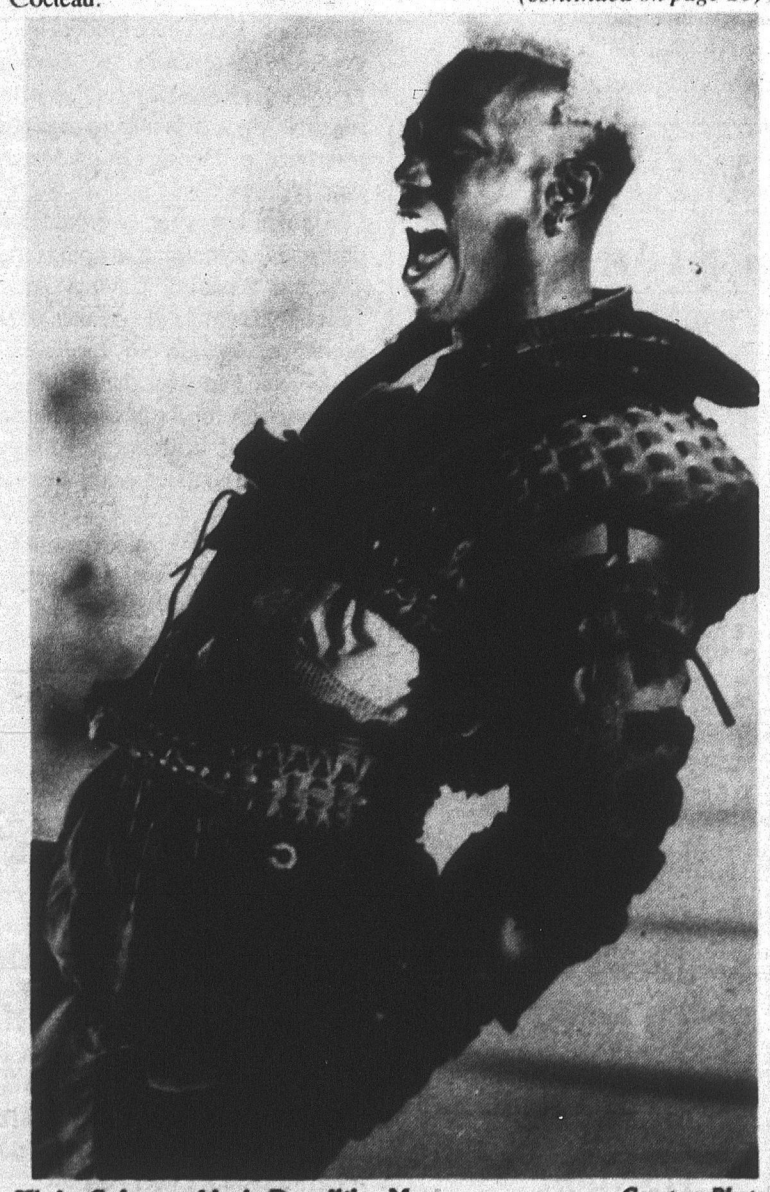
The year is 1996, and one of the world's worst villains, Simon Phoenix, (Snipes) has just been caught by John Spartan(Stallone), nicknamed "Demolition Man" from his destructive methods of capturing villains. Accidental deaths surrounding the capture, sent Spartan along with Phoenix to cryo-prison, a jail where the incarcerated are frozen and their life is suspended until they are thawed.

The year is now 2032. The setting is an ironic Los Angeles where quite frankly, life is a bowl of cherries. Peace is everywhere. The most heinous crime that exists is graffiti. The only restaurant left is Taco Bell (The only one to survive the "franchise war"). Society has a high self-esteem and are virtually given anything they want as long as they worship their leader, Dr. Raymond Cocteau.

Snipes is thawed for his parole hearing where he escapes and becomes untouchable to the futuristic police because they are unequipped to handle real violence. Thus, on the advice of lieutenant Lenina Huxley (Sandra Bullock), they unthaw and reinstate Spartan. The result is chaos and violence and bad jokes. Unfortunately, the rest isn't worth repeating.

Both Stallone and Snipes are

(continued on page 20)



Wesley Snipes cackles in Demolition Man. *Courtesy Photo*

Fall Break: How to make them think you're hip

By Rodney Rothman

You've spent the last two months in the middle of nowhere. If you were a movie, you'd be "Greystoke: The Legend of Tarzan." You go to Middlebury College, and you are currently about as hip as a warehouse full of parachute pants.

October Break is upon us and it's time for us to reenter civilization. We must interact with normal human beings and make a good impression. We must somehow convince them that we have not, by living in the cultural mecca that is Middlebury, Vermont, degenerated into a bunch of near-cannibals in khakis.

We're in serious trouble. I can help. While we don't have enough time to discuss the many cultural and societal changes that have occurred since we've been in Biosphere III, I can offer you some possible crisis situations you may encounter while out in the jungle.

If a normal human being says something to you, gaze back at them with a jolly look in your eye, say as few words as possible, and be on your way. If, while interacting with normal human beings, you see a sign offering frozen yogurt, and you think you'll blow your cover, then put your hands in your pocket to hide the shaking and try to hum the latest Pearl Jam song to keep calm. Beavis and Butthead still rule the airwaves, the shopping malls, the magazine racks and the academic motivation of every kid in the country under eighteen. Unfortunately, the fire department now owns them—a Midwestern woman has created a controversy by blaming her child's accidental death on the cartoon. What will come of this is still unclear, but it might be a good idea to keep Beavis and Butthead jokes at a minimum, lest you be stoned by anyone with half a moral conscience.

Speaking of stoned, everybody's doing it: Dr. Dre., Black Crowes, etc. Hollywood ran a whole campaign based around pot (as reported on in these very pages). You can make everything from newspapers to kitchen appliances out of it. It hip, its hot, its hemp. Tell everybody that your synchilla is actually a new fiber called "hemp-chilla" and they may buy you a beer. If they're dressed in blue and carrying a large nightstick, they may arrest you, since, as of press time, pot was still illegal.

If someone tells you they've been listening to Meatloaf, do not make a derisive comment about his girth, his abilities, or his name. Meatloaf, is really, really hot right now. I'm telling you this for your own good. He put out an album called "Bat Out of Hell II" and a lot of people are buying it. You'll probably be able to tell which ones these are, so stay away from them. If you end up alone in the elevator with one, rather than hold up your hand in what used to be the "hang loose" sign, wait for them to do the same, and then loudly shout "Long Live Loaf!" They'll think you're one of them and leave you alone for a few floors.

If you find yourself in what looks like a hopeless situation, keep this phrase handy. Its pronounced exactly how it looks, and should instigate enough conversation for you to sneak out the back door and back into the idling Saab: "Do you think that Chicago is the new Seattle or that Seattle was Chicago before Chicago was barely even Boulder?"

The hot TV shows are "Seinfeld," "Frasier," "The Simpsons" and "Grace Under Fire." Avoid all references to "Doctor Quinn, Medicine Woman," assuming it is even possible to make a reference to "Doctor Quinn, Medicine Woman."

Unlike last year, we Middies don't have something as epic as the "she has a penis!" Crying Game fiasco that caused the weaker ones among us to lose our cool completely and humiliate the rest of us. Safe movies to check out include "The Age of Innocence," "Short Cuts" or "The Nightmare Before Christmas."

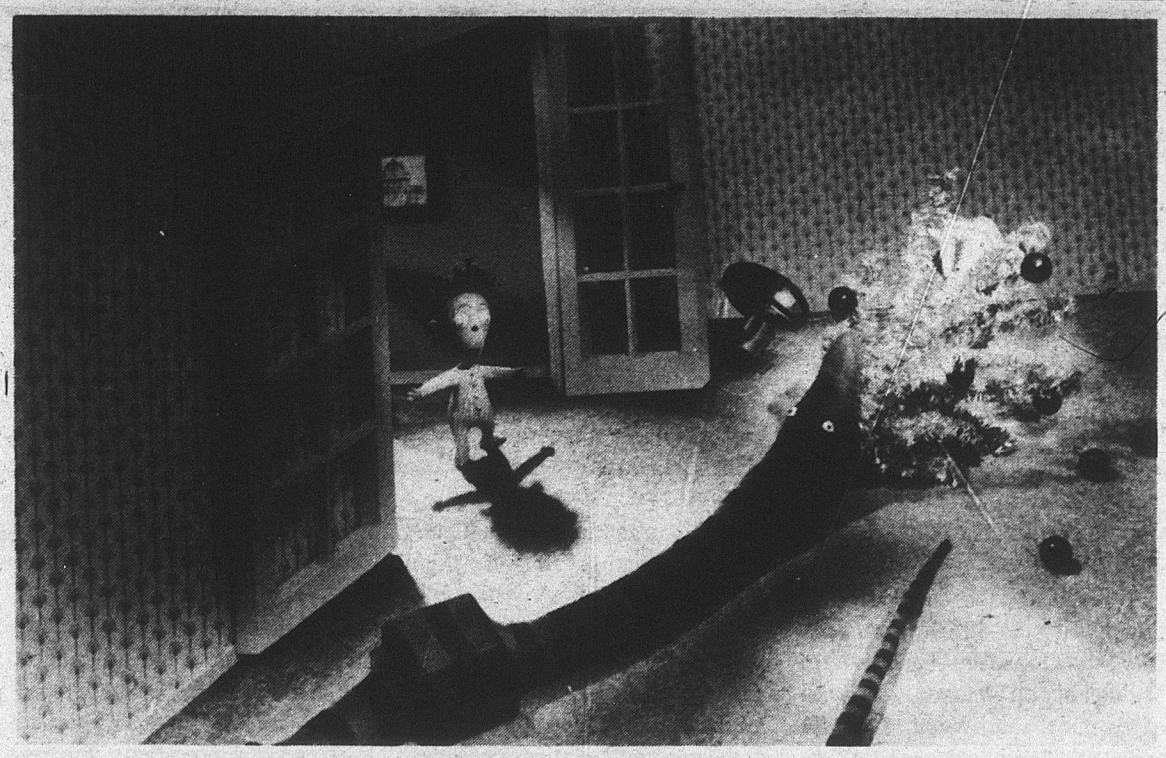
If you do blow your cover and let people on to the appalling reality of what a cultural buffoon you've become, just say you're from another country and hope for the best. Do not, in any way, indicate you are from Somalia, Bosnia, Russia or Haiti. You'll be on "Larry King Live" so fast your flannel will burn up. If you think walking down a city street is hard, wait till you're staring up Larry's nostrils in front of fifteen million Americans.

These tips will keep you safe and sane. It is only five days. By Monday we'll be back here, watching "Doctor Quinn, Medicine Woman" with a big ol' bowl of fro-yo in front of us, and we'll be safe until Turkey Day. Until then, good luck, and Long Live Loaf.

WRMC Top Ten List

What WRMC will be spinning this week...

1. Nirvana
2. Judgement Night Soundtrack
3. Cracker
4. Yo La Tengo
5. Dead Milkmen
6. Truck Stop Love
7. Iggy Pop
8. Jacob's Mouse
9. They Might Be Giants
10. Juliana Hatfield



Prepare to regain your cultural hipness by catching Tim Burton's new freak-fest, "The Nightmare Before Christmas." *Courtesy Photo*

Nickel Bag of Funk hits the houses

By Megan Feeny

Sweaty students in fraternity basements are chanting "Nickel Bag of Funk, Nickel Bag of Funk." It's a new sound on campus. Or rather, as members of Middlebury's new funk band claim, the universal, cosmic sound has been tapped; Middlebury has been introduced to the religion of the groove.

The introductions were made a few weeks ago on a chilly September night as "Nickel Bag of Funk" made its debut at the off-campus haunt, The Blue House. From James Brown to 10,000 Maniacs to The Doobie Brothers, the crowd seemed to grow with each song until the band was surrounded on all sides by dancing, sweating students. And the relationship between the music and the student body has been intimate ever since.

Tenor Saxophonist, Trevor Thaxter '94, says "Our goal is to get Middlebury dancing." And after their first night and the unexpected enthusiasm of the crowd, "Nickel Bag of Funk" has become convinced of the need for their service. Co-founder of the band, Luke Siegfried '95 says, "There's a universal sense inside all of us. It's that sense that says, 'I want to just get funky.' So we are the medium between the Universal Soul Sister and the Middlebury campus." He adds, "The direction we're going is totally groovalistic, extraterrestrial, funkalistic with a chocolate milk flavor."

Together, Siegfried and partner founder, John "Ponch" Marcktell 'SP tell the legend of the band's beginnings: "Back in '76, we were in a cocktail lounge, playing in a group called Jimmy the Greek's Ribshack Band, when a mysterious bartender wearing glass pants came up to us and went into deliberations about the truth and the way. He was a soul sage. He had us embark on a quest for the quintessential funk which we still search for today. And it is for that reason, that Isaac Washington will live in infamy among men and a hero in our hearts. The Groove Decade begins with 'Nickel Bag of Funk.'"

Siegfried (drums) and Marcktell (rhythm guitar) lovingly introduce those who have joined them on their "funk quest."

Thaxter, saxophone: "In regards to the horns, that skinny man Trevor Thaxter really knows how to blow that thing."

Craig "Emmo" Emerson '95, trumpet: "Emmo is phat and all that."

Tarek Rahmen, male vocals: "Tarek is the reincarnation of the godfather himself, JB."

Betsy Humphries, female vocals: "Groove Child Betsy sings in harmony with the delicious sounds of the cosmic soul."

Justin Cook, percussion: "Justin slaps the melodious skins, fanning the flames of the funk fires."

Dave Morgan, bass guitar: "Funky bass man Dave is a proverbial flytrap for the soul sisters."

From a night aside a cornfield to the basements of the Mill and the Tavern, "Nickel Bag of Funk" does seem to be crossing social boundaries. Of the enthusiastic reaction of the students, Marcktell says, "It makes me feel like I have to play even better next time. It's a passion."

Of what to expect for next Friday night at KDR, Marcktell says the band is trying to learn 3 to 4 new songs a week: "We don't want to get monotonous. We want to maintain the unexpected. People come each week thinking we might have something new, kind of like a child in a candy store who can't buy everything in one trip."

So maybe the motto of "Nickel Bag of Funk" should be the title of another of their songs. "Candy Everybody Wants." It seems an appropriate catch phrase for the "delicious groove" that is Middlebury College's newest sound.

Nickel Bag of Funk gets funky. *Drew Hayes*

Evan Dando, the eternal alterna-hunk, brings it on again

By Mike Liss

Lemonheads used to be a bunch of 19 year-olds with guitars from Boston playing for an audience of that same age, making bratty pop/punk/hardcore that told you to "Hate Your Friends," and performing feed-back laden covers of "Luka" just because they could.

Now they are Evan Dando and a rotating group of friends recording harmony-heavy, acoustic-anchored tunes that are unapologeticly pop, maintaining a pretty-boy image, and getting a huge hit out of a cover of "Mrs. Robinson" because the record company asked them to. Times have changed.

Not for the worse, however. In 1990 the original line-up of the band, Dando, (who handled the singing and most of the writing, as well as guitar), Ben Deily, and Jesse Peretz, had all but dissolved. While Peretz more or less disappeared, Deily started the relatively unknown group The Pods.

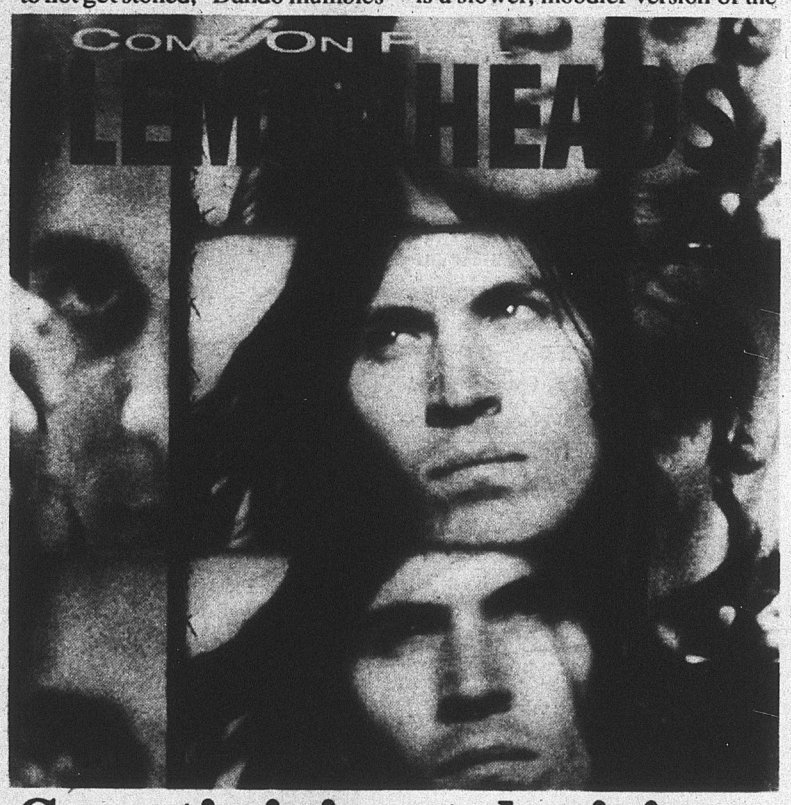
Dando, however, kept the Lemonheads name, kept going, and had a smash album with 1992's *It's A Shame About Ray*. Dando recorded the album with his friend, and one-time roommate, Juliana Hatfield, who had just disbanded the Blake Babies and started a solo career, contributed bass lines and backup vocals. David Ryan, a Boston drummer, rounded out the trio.

That album's title track made the album a success, but the cover of "Mrs. Robinson," which was later added to subsequent pressings of the compact disc, sent it over the top. All of which leads us to their brand-spanking new disc, *Come On Feel the Lemonheads*. Nic Dalton, the bassist for the Lemonheads tour, took over that spot for its recording, but Hatfield still appears singing back-up on six tracks. There are even unexpected appearances by funkster Rick James and everyone's favorite Go-Go, Belinda Carlisle.

If you don't like *Come On Feel the Lemonheads* the first time, do not be alarmed. Just keep playing it. It will grow on you, and grow and grow and grow. Like its predecessor, the disc is a harmony-laden blend of pop and punk, with an occasional country twang, featuring Dando's meandering vocals, and his staple breezy, buoyant, and oh-so clever lyrics. It's been labeled bubblepunk by such magazines as *Rolling Stone*, but then again they're the people who stuck Dando with the label "alterna-hunk," which he has been unable to shake.

The disc wastes no time announcing itself, starting with Dando's voice *a cappella* for two beats, pleading "lover don't turn your head," before the rest of the band launches into "The Great Big No," one of the album's best songs. Complete with a beat laid down by Ryan that switches from straight rock to a more shuffling back-beat, call-and-response harmonies with Hatfield, and Dando's lurching guitar coming in and out, "No" starts the disc moving, and it rarely lets down.

Other highlights abound. "Style" is the tune that, like "Alison's Starting to Happen" on the last disc, most evokes the Lemonheads of old. "Don't want to get stoned/Don't want to get stoned/But I don't want to not get stoned," Dando mumbles over brash guitar and drums, later adding "I'm not gonna not knock things down." "Rick James Style" is a slower, moodier version of the first, featuring some eerie organ lines, and haunting harmonies from, naturally, Rick James, everyone's second favorite recovering cocaine addict (Dando being everyone's first).



"Big Gay Heart" is exactly what the title makes it sound like, a country song, replete with twanging steel guitar, about homosexuality. A liner-note explains that the song is written "against violence," and the soulful tune finds Dando singing slowly "why can't you look after yourself and not down on me. . . after all it doesn't take that much and it would mean the same to me, for you to lose the part that's still afraid and not prepared to see my big gay heart."

Other standouts include "Paid to Smile," which Dando wrote while being frustrated by the continual photo-shoots and interviews he had to do. He was promoting "Ray," "Favorite T," his minor-chord, Mr. Sensitive-Ponytail-Man acoustic ballad, a sort of platonic love song; and "Being Around," a cover of a tune by Robyn St. Clare, which asks the musical question, "If I were a booger would you blow your nose?" Two other solid songs include "It's About Time," which was written for Hatfield, and the driving, catchy "Rest Assured."

Indeed, while there is the occasional extraneous tune that fades into the pop background, driving and catchy are the two words to best capture the spirit of *Come On Feel the Lemonheads*.

"It's still a beautiful world," sing Dando and Carlisle on "I'll Do It Anyway," a song he had written for her to record on her own, and by the end of the album it's hard to disagree.

Scrutinizing television reveals the facts of life

By Daniel O'Brien

What is wrong with the world today? And, furthermore, why does TV suck?

Since the dawn of man, these two proverbial questions of human existence have baffled both sage and philosopher, teacher and mime, and sadly we have no simple answer. Earthquakes, famine, war, a lack of quality television; all of these catastrophes continue to plague the face of the Earth.

Not until recent years, however, with the genius of Dan Quayle and Tipper Gore, has anyone fully realized the intrinsic relationship between television and the quality of human existence. This past Tuesday in Winnetka, Illinois, an elite group of federally funded Tela-Psycho-Socio-Proctologists published an in-depth analysis of the far-reaching effects of television, stating, not surprisingly, that television governs the way we live our lives. "We are calling for a return to the days of 'Facts of Life,' the genius of 'Three's Company,' in order that we survive as a planet," says Professor Inga "Shaka" Toll, resident metaphoricist and spokesperson for the elusive group.

Professor Toll went on to explain to me (in simple jargon-free language) that the wisdom and prophetic morality of Blair, Jo, Natalie and Tootie have yet to be equaled in modern times, with the possible exception of "Melrose Place."

"Take, for example, the theme song," said Professor Toll, "'When you take the good, you take the bad... You take them both and there you have the facts of life.' It's so simple, really." A substantial portion of the study is concerned with the social repercussions of "Three's Company" reruns. It is the study's conclusion that John Ritter is in no way responsible for the resurgent oral herpes epidemic, as was once speculated. Conversely, Suzanne Somers is universally recognized as one of Boris Yeltsin's strongest influences on the subject of foreign milk production.

"'Welcome Back Kotter,' in many respects, signifies the climax of the golden age," continues Professor Toll, "for in Horseshack and Juan Epstein we see a microcosmic solution to Israeli-Palestinian affairs. The world's ignorance as to this Travoltian message of peace and understanding is simply inexcusable." But all things must pass. Just as the Golden Age of ancient Greece was replaced by the little-known Crockery Age, so must the zenith of American television fall in descent.

As a generation, it seems, we are lost without the guiding force of "The Brady Bunch" or the guru wisdom Mr. Roper had to offer. Can "Saved By the Bell: The College Years," or "90210" fill this karmic space, this need for spiritual leadership? So far, current programming has only led to turmoil and strife, the breakdown of the very social fiber that holds us in fragile equilibrium. Professor Toll explained that a high percentage of suicides occur every week immediately following episodes of "90210."

The so-called decay of family values has been attributed in recent years to the rarity of "The Brady Bunch" on America's airwaves, in spite of Dan Quayle's superhuman efforts to make Brady Bunch viewing mandatory through inaction of the Brady Bill. The report goes so far as to speculate that the Rodney King episode, the entire Los Angeles riots in fact, would not have occurred if more people understood the over-arching message of racial harmony implicit in every episode of "CHiPs."

"The report daringly speculates that 'Murphy Brown's glorification of single motherhood as a possible precursor to ethnic cleansing. Everything would be fine in Somalia, or Bosnia for that matter, if Murphy had just gotten married," explained Professor Toll, continuing to suggest that the season premier of "Sea Quest" created a monolithic gasp of seismic proportions that reverberated around the world and brought about the recent earthquake in India. But such speculation is as of this date lacking hard, scientific data. There is no tangible proof that Maury Povich has anything whatsoever to do with the gross national

(continued on page 21)

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Graduating from the Zoo to the jungle

By Mike Liss

So you want to be an actor, do you? You take the requisite theater courses, play a plethora of roles on the Middlebury s. ge, perhaps even try your hand at directing or designing. Hey, you liked it in high school, so why not do theater in college, too?

But what happens when you graduate, when the security of Acting III, departmental productions and Hepburn Zoo plays is suddenly gone? Is there life in the theater after Middlebury?

Homecoming Weekend found three women from the class of 1988 who had shared the Middlebury limelight back on campus, five years after leaving the safety of a controlled theater environment. And where are the former college thespians now, you might ask?

Well, Lee Rose has just moved to New York after training in Providence, RI, to begin the search for agents and auditions, and, for that matter, employment. Sybil McCarthy is a television commercial producer in Los Angeles, and Liz Dewey now lives in Montpelier, working on the magazine "Vermont Life." Not necessarily where any of them might have thought they would end up after graduating.

After graduating from Middlebury, Rose went to continue her training at Trinity Repertory in Providence, where she received a masters in theater and women studies through a combined Trinity-Rhode Island College program. She also spent a summer acting in Washington, DC at the Potomac Theater Project, the summer theater company of Middlebury theater professors Cheryl Farone and Richard Romagnoli, and in addition, Rose performed Shakespeare with a company in Maine.

Now, Rose is "starting the New York thing. It's overwhelming; there's so much going on, so much to focus on." A casting director in Boston told her that before going to New York to act, you have to know what you want to do when you get there.

While she said the actor's life is exciting, she also described it as "terrifying. You have to keep a sense of humor about it. If you really want to do this, though, you really have to try."

Rose also said you "have to love the process of looking for work," the endless cattle-call auditions, sending out twenty resumes and photographs a day and talking to people on the phone "who really don't want to be talking to you." However, there is hope. "There are a lot of working Middlebury people in New York [doing something with theater]," she said.

For McCarthy, the road from Middlebury also led to the Potomac Theater Project the summer after graduation, a stop which many an aspiring Middlebury actor at one point makes. At the conclusion of the Potomac season, she returned to Boston. "I didn't know what I wanted to do," she said. "I didn't like the actor's life; I didn't want to go to New York and starve." She admits that those sentiments arose partly out of not being secure enough, but she did not want to "work at something for 15 years when you don't necessarily know you'll get anywhere."

What happens when you graduate, when the security of Acting III, departmental productions and Hepburn Zoo plays is suddenly gone?

While still in Boston, McCarthy worked at a casting agency for a year, and occasionally jumped in on auditions. This led to a part in an episode of "Unsolved Mysteries." She also was taking acting classes from a professor at Boston University. But eventually she decided she "wanted out of Boston."

She applied to the Hill Agency, an advertising agency with a local office, but they were not hiring in Boston.

They were, however, hiring in Los Angeles, which is where McCarthy ended up. Currently, she works at Katchum Advertising in Los Angeles, where she is a producer for the Acura car company account. She takes the story boards of a given commercial from the art directors and bids the job to production companies.

"I would never, ever have known I'd be in L.A.," McCarthy said. Her training and background as actor helps her "with people skills. I pick actors now. I can tell good acting, which helps to make it a good commercial."

While the object of a commercial is ultimately not to be a work of art, like cinema or theater, but to sell a product, she still uses her theatrical background to "try to push [the quality] up a level, try to make it more realistic."

McCarthy says she loves her job, and has no regrets that her life took this path away from the stage. Occasionally, she is still able to use her acting skills doing voice-overs on commercials. "I'm now known in Los Angeles as the voice of Louise's Restaurant," she said, referring to a commercial in which she acted.

"Sometimes [acting] comes back to me, and that makes me think. There's good money in voice-overs," she added with a laugh. Her best advice to students after they graduate? "Stay open to opportunities as they come. Life's not a regretful thing; life's a feast."

The path that Liz Dewey eventually chose, however, was far different from her two classmates. Upon graduating from Middlebury as an English major who had been heavily active in theater, she trained for two years at the Circle in the Square Theater in New York. Soon after finishing that program, however, she decided to leave acting and headed to Boston.

"I quickly realized I had to leave once I left the security of school," Dewey said. "Everything just fell away." Dewey had been waiting for the telephone company in a friend's empty apartment one afternoon in New York, when she made up her mind to leave. "I sat up there locked in this white cell, thinking I was really unhappy with the prospects coming down, even the good ones. I was so busy thinking, I didn't even hear the repair man when he came."

"I liked theater in school a lot," she continued, "but the reality of waitressing and auditioning wasn't my passion." However, as all three women agreed, acting training can be useful in any field. "You learn how to present yourself well in front of other people, and if you can do that, you can do well."

Dewey spent some "quick spells" at a casting agency and television station in Boston, before she moved back to Vermont and created an internship for herself at "Vermont Life," where she still works. "I went back to my English roots, I guess," she said.

Dewey offered her final assessment on her decision to leave the theater business. "They say you have to give it five years [before quitting], but who are 'they?' The odds of getting work are slim, even if you're very talented. But a lot of people won't let go, they won't leave it, because they have told themselves they had to make it as an actor, and if they leave they leave as failures. That's sad; there's so much life to live."

Hepburn Zoo players in their former years. *Photo courtesy of Craig Druehl*

Folk trio proves adequate

By Dan Greenwood

On Sunday afternoon a sleepy group of students made their way down to the Arts Center for an afternoon of folk music, care of Gordon Bok, Ed Trickett and Ann Mayo Muir. I was rather unsure of what to expect; Bok was the only one of the three I had previously heard of, and that was mostly in conjunction with recordings made before I was born. But I checked out some of their stuff on my radio show and, pleased, went to the show with fairly high hopes.

A folk concert on a Sunday is one of my favorite activities. It provides a chance to relax and listen to some good tunes before the Sunday night work crunch.

And the trio of Bok, Trickett and Muir gave me a chance to do exactly that. Their music, drawn from a wide variety of songwriters and sources, made a pleasant contrast to the singer/songwriters presently who dominate today's contemporary folk scene. They covered many sub-genres, from a cappella sea shanties to contemporary instrumentals and Anglo-American traditionals.

They incorporated standard folk fare like tuning jokes and sing-alongs which kept the drowsy crowd somewhat on its toes. The music throughout was top-notch, featuring combinations of guitars, Trickett's hammered dulcimer, Muir's whistles, flute and harp, and Bok's cellamba, which appeared to be a six-stringed fretted cello, and provided beautiful low parts on many numbers.

Harmonies were usually tight, the three voices blending well in complex arrangements. Even if I wasn't electrified by the concert, I came out content, relaxed, and ready to go on with my evening. And on top of it I learned a couple of great songs.

Stallone flick

(continued from page 17)

recognized superstars and talented performers, but they came up way short on this one. Neither of them did a very good job of acting. They were certainly constrained by the ridiculous script, but they did nothing to take it further, either.

On the other hand, in the tradition of shallow casting decisions, Sandra Bullock, who was chosen to play Stallone's romantic interest, made both Snipes and Stallone look like Lawrence Olivier. She is clearly one of the worst actresses to come along in years.

Though it was close, the film was not entirely without merit. The production designer created brilliant sets which at least made the movie aesthetically engaging. Also, first time director Marco Brambilla makes a promising debut. The fight scenes were very well choreographed and well shot. Brambilla created a great tempo in these scenes which worked largely because the actors weren't speaking. There was also an amusing scene where Stallone and Bullock attempt sex via the virtual reality machine.

On the other hand, I don't want you to leave you with the impression that the film is at all watchable. It is absolutely intolerable — in fact, I would say, ridiculous. "Demolition Man" is worse than "Over the Top," "Rising Sun" and "Stop or My Mom Will Shoot" combined. The only reason I'd justify seeing it is if you want to learn a lesson from both Snipes and Stallone on how not to make a movie.

Metalheads

(continued from page 17)

sic in existence. Acknowledge the feelings that are invoked by other music as real. They are real.

Here's the story:

I went to a party where there were many "Deadheads," notorious for a certain close-mindedness (do not object, it's true — the Dead are great and I enjoy their music, but the stereotype exists). At the party there was an obvious disparity between groups, the stereo was constantly assaulted: it was a petty scene. Heavy heads were slipping Fishbone and Primus albums in between earnest renditions of "Friend of the Devil." Eventually it became too late for people to care anymore. They surrendered the music to a few fanatics (we won!) At about three in the morning a strange and wonderful thing happened. Somebody put a tape by Slayer in the stereo. I will bet you have never heard Slayer. I hadn't. I mean Slayer is the heavy of the heavy. Metallica sounds like Englebert Humperdink next to this group of disillusioned youth.

The Deadheads were listening, and I think they had surrendered. They took in the music, there was none of the typical musical condescension; the plugging of the ears, the shutting of the door, the exit of the room. These people enjoyed the music.

So its within you to open your mind. Stop with your expectations. The band in question: Barkmarket. Album: Gimmick. Music: heavy, immediate. I think you can enjoy it.

Carillonneur romanticizes belfry music

By Elise Bergelson

I remember the first time I ever thought about the carillon. I had not realized that someone actually played the bells until a somewhat cynical friend of mine noticed various mistakes being made one evening.

"What, you mean they're not automatic or something?" I asked my companion as the bells chimed along merrily in the background.

I was so excited at the romantic notion of someone up in a dusty lonely bell tower ringing the bells as the sun set, that I immediately decided to check it out.

My friend, a sophomore who was informed about such things, explained to me that you could get up to the bell tower when someone was playing.

I literally ran to Mead Chapel. I mounted the stairs to the right as I entered and found the open door leading to the carillon. Just as I had imagined, they were narrow, steep, winding stairs. I climbed up. After reaching the top of the staircase, I realized that I was not there yet. As a matter of fact, I could not even hear the bells anymore. A sign pointed the way: "Keep Climbing," it encouraged. I kept climbing. Another staircase up and I could hear the bells again, but still no carillon.

Another staircase, the steepest of all I had yet climbed, awaited me. As I neared the top I heard a dull thudding. I reached the top and turned a corner to get my first view ever of a carillon.

It was not what I expected. I actually do not know what I was expecting, but it certainly was not what I saw. There was a big wooden piece of equipment that looked something like an overgrown piano frightened so badly that all its strings were standing up straight.

A woman was sitting on a bench in front of the skeletal piano striking large rectangular wooden sticks set up in piano keyboard formation with her fists.

The bells were once again clear, but the thumping sound, coming from the wooden slats being hit, was now deafening. I ventured a little farther in and got a full view of the room. It was small, containing only the carillon, a short bench against one wall piled up with stacks of music, a ladder off in the corner leading to a hole in the ceiling and a waist high window set in an indented hole in the opposite wall offering the best view of Middlebury I had ever seen. I walked behind the woman, who was playing the whole time, oblivious to my presence, and glanced at the music.

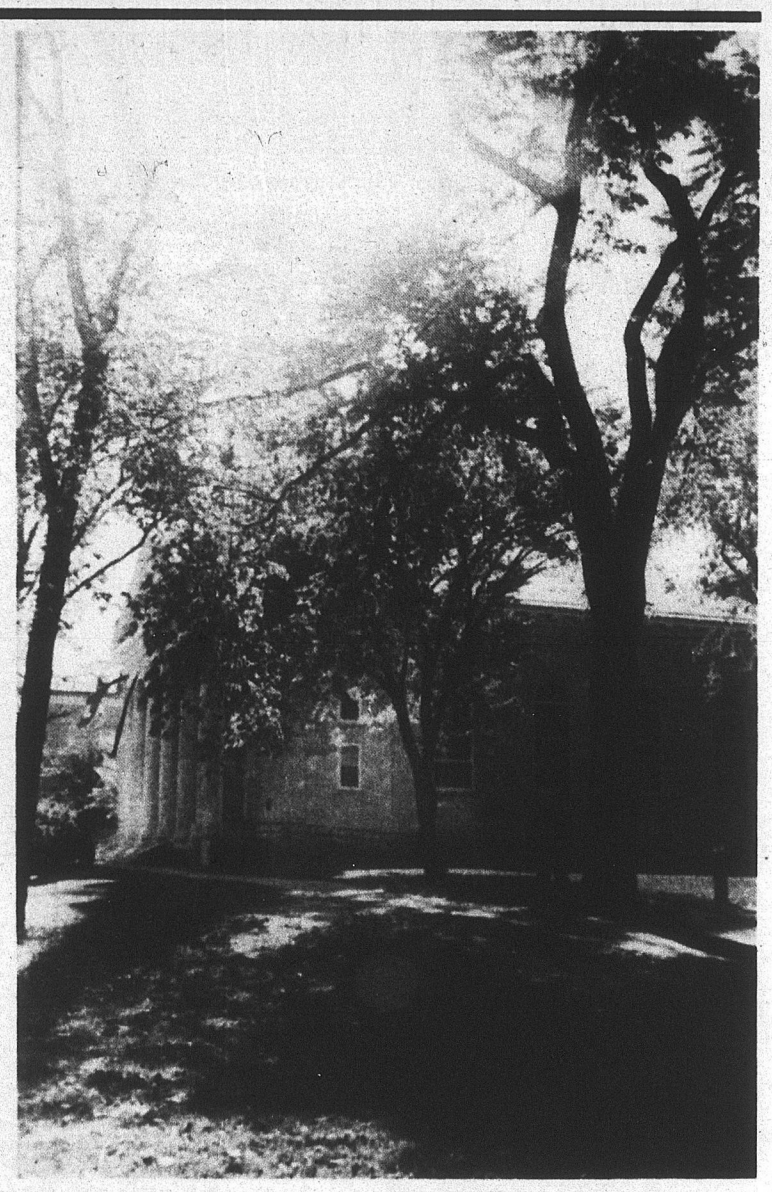
Having played the piano for many years, I was able to quickly find her place in the music and follow along. After she finished the piece we began to talk.

That very same night she taught me to play on the downstairs practice carillon.

That day I fell in love with the carillon. Every day I climb to the top of Mead to ring in the evening. My three years of carilloning have only made my love grow. My romantic notion of the lone carilloneur up in a dusty bell tower has not dissipated, it has grown; I am this person.

The strings standing straight up are attached to the bells themselves. The wooden slats are each attached to a bell. The thumping has become white noise to me. The indented window continues to offer sunsets that outdo all others.

The art of carilloning is more complex and subtle than I ever imagined. Although I have only had time in these three years to scratch the surface of the intricacies of this dying art, carilloning has become an important part of me. Those narrow winding steps lead me every day to a magic of which only the bells themselves can tell.



The carilloneurs ring the bells in Mead Chapel. *Tiffany Claflin*

Dr. Indiana Jones presents the secret propeller theory

By Matthew Lane and Matthew Sweer

In his weather-beaten hat with that seemingly eternal 5 o'clock shadow, Indiana Jones swung, lashed, punched, kicked, spat, charmed and cogitated his way across the screen in Dana Auditorium Thursday, Friday and Saturday nights of last week.

For those of you who have never seen the archaeological Odysseus in action, get a life, or at least a VCR and a copy of Hirsch's "Dictionary of Cultural Literacy". To thumbnail the trilogy for the pop-culturally impaired, in "Raiders of the Lost Ark" Dr. Jones beats up Nazis. In "The Temple of Doom" , he beats up the members of the Thugee Cult. In "The Last Crusade" he beats up more Nazis.

However, all work and no play makes Indiana a dull boy. In between these violent episodes, he studies hands-on the "nocturnal mating rituals" of Karen Allen in Egypt, Kate Capshaw in India and Alison Doody in Italy, respectively (not simultaneously), outdoing even the highest "Newlywed Game" record of varied whoopy-making locations.

Indiana Jones is not only an amorous globetrotter with a propensity for fisticuffs. He also rights wrongs, restores the Sankari stone to a starving village, liberates children from slavery, prevents the Nazi acquisition of the fabled Ark of the Covenant and the Holy Grail and most importantly, returns the Cross of Coronado to its rightful place in a museum.

For those of you with a more astute insight to the inner workings of Indy, keep vigil for a lecture series on the religious facets of this inspiring figure entitled "Indy: Archaeologist or Theological Juggernaut?"

Let us now look to the specific imagery and symbolism contained within these cinematic masterpieces.

Obvious motifs are the human-distress-via-propellers theme, the disintegration/incineration technique to eliminate the "bad guys," and the way cool theme music.

The human-distress-via-propellers theme manifests itself in the puréeing of a massive Aryan bohunk via an airplane, the spinning lynching of a Thugee guard on a ceiling fan, and the graceful vivisection of an Italian pleasure boat. The disintegration/ incineration technique blossoms vividly on the screen with the melting of that really annoying, nasal Nazi guy, the cremation of a cardiologically deprived Thugee sacrifice, and the geometric aging and decomposition of the American scoundrel who "chooses poorly."

Lastly, the really cool theme music by Spielberg's super awesome maestro, John Williams, is just way cool.

Apart from the literary aspects of these milestones of the silver screen there still remain those axiomatic nuggets of knowledge that stand alone, and make up this multicellular dynamo that is Indy.

He teaches us many things throughout the course of his travels: 1) Never overestimate the amount of sand in a bag; 2) If the monkey is dead, don't eat the dates; 3) Never look at the Ark of the Covenant when it is being opened; 4) Always let the kid do the driving; 5) When the bill of fare has incorporated several kingdoms and phyla, do not order the soup; 6) Do not stop a high-velocity mining cart with a cheap pair of work boots; 7) Always let the Austrians say 'goodbye;' 8) Never mistake an 'I' for a 'J;' 9) Always seize the opportunity for an autograph from a famous totalitarian despot, and 10) The Cross of Coronado belongs in a museum.

Facts of life

(continued from page 19)

project of Madagascar, or that "Days of Our Lives" signifies a covert attempt to sell hair spray.

But one thing is certain: if we are to survive as a planet we must all strive to emulate Bob Ross, that kind and gentle public television painter of our collective unconscious, for if the world were truly filled with happy trees and happy streams, we'd all be much better off.

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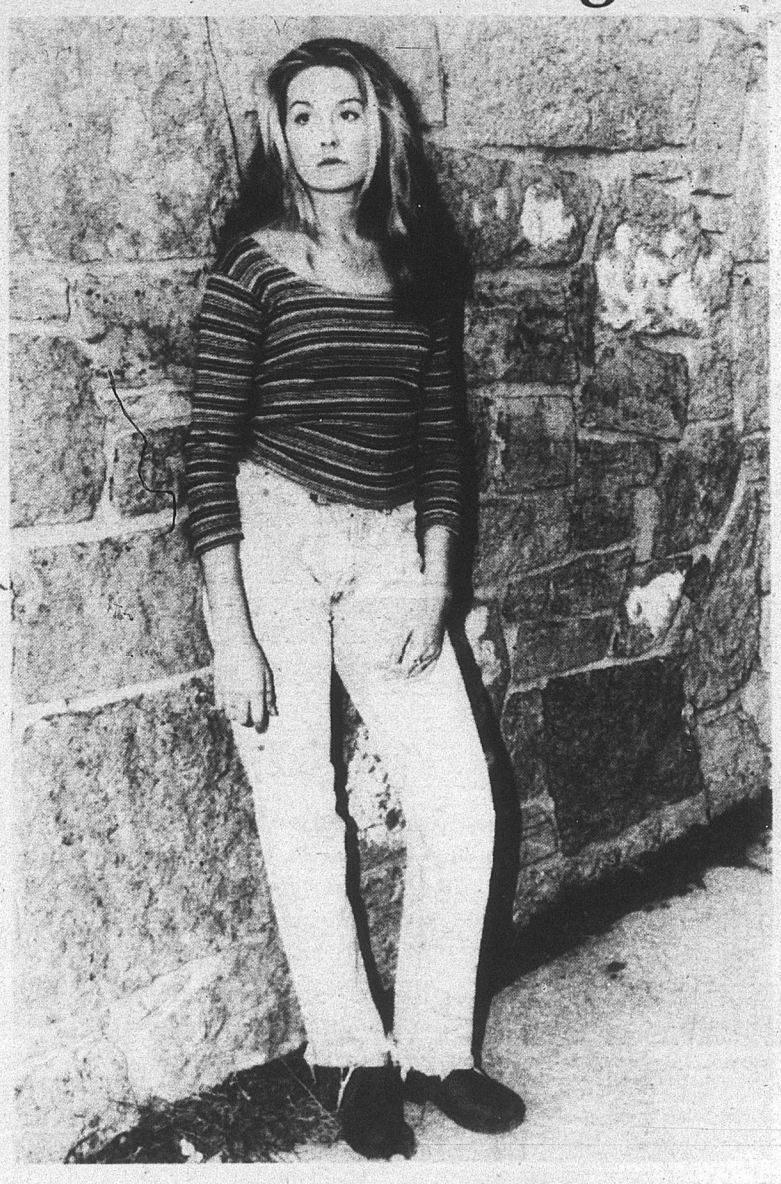
Doonesbury

BY G.B. TRUDEAU

YOU'RE IN BED ALREADY, HONEY?
YEAH, MOM, I GOT SWITCHED TO THE MORNING SHIFT...
I HAVE TO GET UP AT FOUR NOW. I HARDLY EVER SEE MIKE ANYMORE.
WHAT TIME DOES HE GO TO BED?
10-18
WHO KNOWS? HE STAYS UP HALF THE NIGHT PARTYING WITH HIS NEW ELECTRONIC FRIENDS ON THE INTERNET...
Hey, let's go find an empty file.
Shouldn't we mix a little first?
TAP! TAP! TAP!
MIKE HAS LOGGED INTO A LATE NIGHT PARTY ON THE NET...
New Person: do you come here often?
No, I'm a proto-hacker.
TAP! TAP! TAP!
10-19
You'll need a cybertag. Mine is "Dancer."
Let's see.... How about "Tin Man"?
TAP! TAP! TAP!
"Tin Man"... I like that...
You sound cute.
I can confirm that.
TAP! TAP! TAP!
Tin Man! You're back. You must be looking for love.
Isn't everyone, Dancer?
TAP! TAP! TAP!
10-20
I suppose. But cyber-romance is so vicarious. It isn't real.
It seems real enough to me. Same feelings of elation... or disappointment.
True enough... Listen, Tin Man, do you like country music?
Sure. Why?
TAP! TAP! TAP!
I know the password to a Willie Nelson recording session.
Wow. Can we do our own mixes?
TAP! TAP! TAP!
Tin Man! What did you think of the Willie Nelson session?
I loved it. I could've watched recording levels all night.
TAP! TAP! TAP!
10-21
Me, too. I've become addicted to studio computers.
I can't believe you got us in.
TAP! TAP! TAP!
I didn't. I got the password from a bulletin board. The good hackers can get in anywhere-concerts, businesses, government files, you name it.
Well, it was fun. You're good company.
TAP! TAP! TAP!
You, too. Want to watch the next shuttle launch delay?
Oh only the second date? I dunno, Dancer...
TAP! TAP! TAP!
Tell me, Tin Man, what makes you happy?
Happy? Good question, Dancer.
TAP! TAP! TAP!
10-22
I guess I stopped shooting for happy. At middle age, it seems enough to be content. And I think that's where we are.
TAP! TAP! TAP!
"We"? Who's "we"? Are you married?
OOPS...
Dump: Tin Man. Exit: Dancer.
:BIP!:
NO... NOO! COME BACK!
TAP! TAP! TAP!
Dancer: please forgive me. It was totally wrong of me to lead you on.
TAP! TAP!
10-23
I just got caught up in things. I didn't want it to end. I'm sorry for my selfishness. Your friend, Tin Man.
TAP! TAP! TAP!
SIGH...
DAMN.

Like sands through the hourglass, so are the fads of 1993



Kristen Connely '96 shows off the latest in 70's attire. *Alex Grossman*

Fashion of the '70s invades the '90s

By Aerie Treska

Last year an entire In Depth section was dedicated to looking at our generation: the movies, food, television shows, music and fashion with which we were raised, and the effect such seemingly trivial matters had upon us. In this week's discussion of the trends of today, I have unfortunate news. My research for this article has proven that the seventies, that decade which we have all tried maddeningly to erase from memory, has weaseled its evil way into our lives once again.

The horror of my theory is evident in popular culture today. Just take a look at Lenny Kravitz's flashy disco scene in "Are You Gonna Go My Way," Shaggy's get-up on reruns of "Scooby Doo", the black El Camino in "Benny and Joon," or any of MTV's video jockeys.

For a thoroughly chilling glimpse of the seventies reincarnated, catch Christian Slater and Patricia Arquette in "True Romance." Slater's big gold sunglasses alone are enough to make me shudder, and Arquette's turquoise lycra pants and matching polka-dot blouse sent me screaming from the theater. The evidence of such clothing is most terrifying; America seems to have embraced seventies fashion by choice. Didn't we learn our lesson the first time? Aren't old photo albums enough evidence that these clothes are simply not flattering... on anybody? Apparently not.

Flipping through a recent issue of *Seventeen* (a periodical I feel must be purchased once in a while for old time's sake), I encountered an outfit constructed completely of velvet and velour: a long patchwork coat, an even longer dress, and knee-high, moccasin-like boots, complete with fringe. A few pages later, readers were advised to "offer your little brother a ride to the movies, then raid his closet for tight T-shirts." An illustration accompanied this pointer: a picture of the women of "Charlie's Angels" wearing such tops.

And worse still, I was soon face to face with a model wearing dark blue bell bottoms with yellow stitching in the seams! No, these were not costumes for seventies theme parties or Halloween but actual fashion advice. Do these fashion consultants think we are so gullible? Or stupid?

Shocked, I closed the magazine and picked up a J. Crew catalog for some solace. This bulwark of classic chic and preppy models would never harbor evil spirits of the seventies, or so I thought. However, such relics as Longshore caps (the kind of hat Rocky wears in all of his training scenes in "Rocky"), construction boots, and corduroy (one of that decade's top three fabrics of choice) dominated the otherwise normal pages. Granted, J. Crew has not completely abandoned itself to my nightmare, but allowing the seventies to sneak in is enough to make me nervous.

Even "Beverly Hills 90210," the show which has captured the hearts, or at least the attention, of many of us, is showing signs of breakdown. Brandon and [illegible]lan are both guilty of wearing [illegible]rts far too small for them. Kell[illegible] been going for clogs and bell[illegible] rather than her typical flo[illegible]ssoc Brenda has complete[illegible]ove[illegible]e edge, as evidenced [illegible]ck T-shirt tied in a k[illegible]'ly button. She ever[illegible]'lack hair in two l[illegible]'s several week[illegible] KEG house (S[illegible] seventies party for its [illegible]ast week, an act validating everyone's subconscious desire to wear purple hot pants and feathery hairdos. I'm telling you, we've got a serious problem if even the "Beverly Hills" gang is being brainwashed into thinking this look is cool.

Don't get me wrong. I feel a surge of nostalgia when I think of corduroy pantsuits (I had two.), blue eye shadow and tight football jerseys. But my sentimentality is for childhood itself, not for the clothes forced upon me at a time when I wasn't allowed to choose them on my own. I don't care if Tabitha Soren is wearing a purple knit minidress as she interviews U2, or that Naomi Campbell is gliding down Paris runways in expensive silk bell bottoms. I absolutely refuse to see "Dazed and Confused."

The seventies ended thirteen years ago, and we must rid ourselves of the desire to resurrect this decade in any way, especially in the world of fashion.

OUT	IN
Busch	Otter Creek
mountain bikes	rollerblades
Disneyland	Graceland
sleeves	vests
barn jackets	Patagonia
long hair	cropped hair
Gatorade	Snapple
PC	chaos theory
Mischords/D8	Bobolinks
Beverly Hills 90210	Melrose Place
Tim Light	Hieu Nguyen
salad and a bagel	meat and potatoes
Millie Bush	Maya Angelou
Barney	Raptors
Mars probe	Pluto Probe
ephedrine	marijuana
Peace Pops	peace talks
Bill & Ted	Bill & Hillary
Proctor cheese bread	Crest Room pretzels
Adidas	Converse
Gay Jeans Day	Pink Triangle Day

Lost soul finds a new "Cheers": "Seinfeld"

By David Huneryager

My search began that day in May when I cried at 10:00 p.m. Yes, the next day was my last day of high school, but that was not what was important. It was a Thursday night, and the last episode of "Cheers" had come to an end.

I knew it was over then: that Sammy would never again open up the bar, that Carla would never again get pregnant. Somewhere in the back of my mind, though, there was something left, some hope that somehow, some way, I would be shouting, "Norm!!" at the television set on my first Thursday night at Middlebury. But it did not happen. Now, I am left empty but with new purpose. I am seeking something to carry me through my college years and beyond.

Every Wednesday night, the women of Allen take the television away from us to watch "Melrose Place." It even happened during the Phillies-Braves game! But is "Melrose Place" what I am looking for? Do I want a re-hashed "90210" to be my slot of television for the week? "Melrose Place" doesn't even have Kelly from "Beverly Hills," so my answer has to be "No," as it is for the majority of the male population of Middlebury.

"Melrose" is just a trend; it is a show just barely superior to "Saved by the Bell," something akin to the difference between Marky Mark and the New Kids.

What I needed was something funny, something that would make me forget the teacher who yelled at me for falling asleep. I found it in "Seinfeld."

Everyone knows "Seinfeld," and I can't describe it. If you don't know what the show is about, you are living in a hole and will not be reading this anyway. "Seinfeld" is simply great, and, like "Cheers," it is great because it is about nothing: nothing, as in things that I can relate to. (Though, I have never tried to pick up a girl by telling her she had nice fabric.)

We have Jerry and his stand-ups. We have Elaine, and, I have to admit, she reminds me a lot of Rebecca. She's beautiful, yet she does not quite know what she is doing and is prone to breakdowns, like flipping out over exclamation marks! We also have George and his problems, especially his failures in the world of women. I think every man can identify with George's fear that his girlfriend is faking it.

But why do we really watch? Whose name do we shout out when he jerks the door open and sticks his mop through? You know who. There is no denying that Kramer is the man. He is the one we cheer for when he finally has a movement. He is the one for whom we would steal fruit. There are paintings of Kramer. There will no doubt be Kramers for Halloween. During those few lags in the show, I sit there holding my breath for him to come back. And the great thing is, he is there for me every Thursday night, the salvation for which I had been searching.

Middlebury students are glued to the set, especially on Thursday nights. *Nancy Fallen*

Country breaks into the big leagues

By Chip Earle

Do not be fooled! Country music is not restricted to our parents' generation (neither is Neil Diamond, but that's a horse of a different color). Country music is the fastest growing genre of music in the nation. On average, for every new rock 'n' roll station, there are three new country stations.

I am happy to report that country music is alive and well on the Middlebury campus. Even though a campus-wide poll would only uncover a few proud followers, there are plenty of closet fans.

These fans are fond of such classic artists as John Denver, as well as "new-wave" country artists like Billy Ray Cyrus and Garth Brooks. Generally, the closet fan's knowledge of country music beyond this narrow spectrum is limited to two songs: Kenny Rogers' "The Gambler" and Charlie Daniel's Band's "The Devil Went Down to Georgia."

I commend these fans on their choices, but to truly appreciate country music requires opening the mind and listening to other stuff, too.

Billy Ray and Garth are two of the biggest country sell-outs of all time. They are both in the business solely for the money. If you do not agree, just take a look at that sappy special Garth had on television when he danced around like a fool and then proceeded to smash his guitar like some crazed lunatic. Billy Ray really, really needs a hair cut. Don't get me wrong. I have no problem with long hair on guys, but Billy Ray's head is out of control.

The hard-core country fans know that the new-wave country is just a passing fad. Classics like Waylon (Jennings, that is, for the novice reader), Willie (Nelson), Hank Senior and Johnny Cash made country music what it is today, and they will never be forgotten. No number of cheesy artists like Billy Ray will be able to tarnish their greatness.

Certain country stations in this area, which will remain nameless, seem to think the classics are dead and therefore are content to repeat top 20 country hits again and again. If you like your Jack Daniel's straight up without ice, then you would probably enjoy my country radio show on Tuesday mornings, WRMC 91.1 FM.

Finally, as far as sex appeal goes, just take a look at Emmy Lou Harris or Dwight Yoakum. All of the sudden, country singers, especially the men, are all over the covers of magazines, heralded as sex symbols of the 90s.

The great thing about country concerts is that the singers don't expose themselves every chance they get, nor do they strut all around the stage. They just sing with class.

If you are interested in some of the older country, may I suggest Willie Nelson's "Half Nelson," and Hank Williams Jr. and Sr.'s compilation, "Hank and Hank." On the other hand, if you like the more modern stuff, try anything by Jerry Jeff Walker or David Allan Coe, who, while they have been around for many decades, keep cranking out great hits.

Remember what Hank Junior says: "We are a young country, we are the pride — the sons and the daughters of American life. Our hair is not orange; we don't wear chains and spikes, but we know how to have fun, come Saturday night."

Dude, like who can deal with all the new TW?

By Brooke Capps

"I know this is completely random, and I really don't want to harsh on him, but like, that is one really heinous zit he's got. Could you imagine walking around with that thing 24-7?! Other than that, though, he's really buff."

Can anyone out there tell me what this quote really means? Look at it; read it again. Have you ever heard the words "random," "harsh," "like," "heinous," "24-7," or "buff"? Have you ever used any of those words? If you answered yes to any of those questions, then you have most definitely been exposed to Trendy Words (TW).

In most cases, the exposure to TW is so severe, that one could not go more than a few minutes without uttering a TW. They creep up like a contagious disease. No one knows where the words originate. They are just suddenly uttered by your friend, ever so casually dropped from his or her lips.

Sometimes you don't even realize that you have been exposed until it is too late. For a while, TWs were dormant in the back of your brain, until they slouched into your thoughts, and before you knew it, they were slipping out of your mouth, infecting everyone around you.

The words that last the longest are the ones that retain their dictionary meaning, to some extent, yet seem unusual due to lack of use in the past, or, perhaps, because they just sound different in an onomatopoeic way. Take "heinous," for example. Webster defines it as "hatefully or shockingly evil, abominable." The word has, for the most part, retained its meaning, though it is often used in cases which do not merit its severe definition; it is used because of the evil, ugly way it sounds.

"Grindage" may mean food and snack to one group, and it may mean a place to play to another group.

Other words that survive for long periods of time are those that gain new meaning. "Harsh" is an adjective defined as "irritating, painful, severe or crude." In TW, "harsh" is transformed into a verb meaning to make fun of someone.

A correlation to this category of words with new meanings may very well be those words that do not actually exist; they are coinages like "24-7." 24 is a number, and seven is a number. They really do not mean anything until translated into TW. Then together they take on the meaning "twenty-four hours a day, seven days a week."

There is one final category of words. This is the category of pitiful words that once had meaning, but have lost their power due to overuse. Look at "awesome." In the past, it was a word used to describe the divine and holy. Now it is heard on every street corner and describes everything from clothing to rocks to activities: "I found this awesome curb, man. My skateboard was just begging to grind it."

Even words that had their heyday in the Valley talk of the 80s ("like" and "totally") still fester in our language today but only because they have crossed over into the mainstream from TW.

Of course, TW are different for every social group. Sometimes, groups use similar words but define them differently. Skateboarders have a completely different vocabulary than debutantes. "Grindage" may mean food and snack to one group, and it may mean a place to play to another group.

Recently, some friends and I attempted to synthesize TW of our own. Illegal -- too good to be true--so cool, it must be outlawed: "This dessert is so illegal. Let's have some more!" Now, we are attempting to infect others with it. Get back to me in a couple of weeks and tell how truly illegal your night was with that buff date.

Croquet soothes hangover of the '80s

By Jed Morse

In the 1980s, we witnessed sports like football, basketball and hockey grow to astounding proportions. Attendance skyrocketed as fan interest increased, bringing on the construction of enormous venues to support the mad throngs of sports nuts.

Everyone seemed to be making a profit on sports. The owners, the players, the television industry, the advertising industry and the clothing industry all managed to squeeze another dollar from the fans who were ever eager to consume.

But all those years of multi-million dollar contracts and the mass media blitz are beginning to wear thin on the sports aficionados. It is difficult to keep getting bigger, faster and harder. In the process, much of the heart and soul of these games gets lost.

Lately, jaded fans have been turning to sports that have remained unspoiled by all the hoopla. The one sport that these folks have been turning to the most in recent years is croquet. A genteel sport by nature, croquet offers the battered and bruised fan a respite from the maddening crowd.

This lawn game requires no pads or masks or any other such protective devices. In fact, croquet is usually played in all white or semi-formal attire.

Even the most heated round through the wickets will not give one cause to chug Gatorade. Cocktails are the ticket for replenishing any lost fluids and minerals. Also, croquet is unique in that it is one of the few sports which encourages men and women to play together as partners.

It is this relaxed, egalitarian nature which gives the game its appeal in these frenzied, harried days of ours.

Evidence of croquet's recent upswing in popularity is the increased membership of the Middlebury College Croquet Club (MCCC). Practically nonexistent just four years ago, the MCCC has blossomed into a burgeoning powerhouse among the many special interest clubs at the college, challenging even the mighty Mountain Club.

At one point just two years ago, another croquet club was established in the fall to compliment the traditional spring club and to facilitate involvement by all interested participants. Since then, the fall club has been set aside due to confusion that resulted in a change of leadership. Croquet players are often easily confused and never aggressive enough to demand their rights of association. Nevertheless, membership continues to grow, causing problems during the spring.

Even though the popularity of croquet may increase ten fold, its charm and gentility will never be compromised. Such is the beauty of the sport.

Webb Burns '94 and Boo Cebrian '94 enjoy croquet, the newest sports trend at Middlebury. *Nancy Fallen*

Seniors Lissa Gipson and Nancy Hastings charge the Skidmore goal. *Alex Grossman*

Hockey falls short in Smith game

By Claire Martin

Last week the Panther field hockey team enjoyed one tremendous blowout victory over Skidmore, followed by a narrow defeat at the hands of Smith. The mixed results were indicative of a season that has been marked by inconsistent competition since September.

Playing on home turf last Wednesday and coming off a disappointing loss to Amherst, the Panthers had a confidence boosting 8-0 victory over Skidmore.

The unexpected loss to Amherst earlier in the year seems to have been a catalyst for the team's recent success.

According to junior midfielder Marnie Virden, "The Amherst game was a turning point in the season. Since then, our level of play has really improved."

The Panthers came out strong from the beginning, keeping Skidmore at bay throughout the contest. Leading scorer, co-captain Nancy Hastings '94 notched three more goals to bring her total to twenty points.

Nicole Kassissieh '95 scored twice and Amy Atwood '96, Erin Sullivan '95 and Sarah Martin '95 rounded out the scoring column with one goal apiece. Martin's goal was scored on a penalty stroke, a one on one confrontation with the goaltender.

Field Hockey	
Middlebury	0
Smith	1

This less challenging game against Skidmore allowed the Panthers to concentrate on working together as a team.

Coach Missy Hopkinson decided to change the formation of play for Saturday's contest with Smith. To compensate for the powerful Smith attack, the Panthers played with an additional defender, taking away one forward from their offensive line.

"We played well defensively as a result of this change, but we didn't have as many opportunities offensively," Virden said.

Down 1-0 after a Smith goal midway through the first half, a questionable call on a corner in the last two minutes of play robbed the Panthers of their last chance to tie.

Goaltender Loralie Rackleff '95 made some remarkable saves and frustrated Smith's further scoring attempts by breaking up several scuffles in front of the goal.

Caroline Clutz '94 and Martin played well for the Panthers on defense and sisters Sarah Copley '95 and Amy Copley '94 have proven to be a potent force as two of the tems's forwards.

The Panthers are now concentrating on responding to the level of play of their opponents, a problem that hindered them in the Amherst game.

Their losses have all been by slim margins. "We're almost getting it, we're coming really close, but we're just not coming back with the wins," said Virden.

Looking ahead to post season play, a recent ranking of the Middlebury field hockey team puts them at a solid seventh in New England. Recent losses by other top teams further increase their chances to make it to the East Coast Athletic Conference (ECAC) tournament.

Top ranked Ephs shut out Panthers at home

By Paul Krissoff

Men's Soccer	
Middlebury	0
Williams	3

Faced with two very different opponents last week, the Middlebury men's soccer team did what it was expected to do; they beat the less skilled Norwich Cadets and succumbed to the very talented Ephmen of Williams. Although the results of the two games were predictable, everything did not go as anticipated.

The first surprise was the Panthers struggling against Norwich in a game that ended up being very tight. As a matter of fact, Norwich scored first as Middlebury struggled to finish their plays and put the ball in the net.

Forward Mike Moore '97 eventually broke the curse later in the first half with a tremendous shot from the left side that rocketed into the upper right corner. Moore, who had the first two goals of his career against Skidmore last week, has now moved into second place on the Panther scoring list.

With the game tied at 1-1 at the half, the Panthers once again needed a hero and found one in midfielder Brendan Donahue '94. Donahue certainly picked a great time to net his first goal of the season, taking a cross and finishing it solidly to put Middlebury in the lead. From there, goalkeeper Eric Davis '96 and the rest of the defense shut down the Cadets as Middlebury held on for the narrow 2-1 win.

On Saturday, the Panthers found themselves facing a much more arduous task in the form of the Williams Ephmen. Williams, undefeated and ranked number one in New England and number two in the nation in Division Three, possesses a lethal offense and a defense as stingy as any in the nation.

The Panthers came out on fire in the first half, however, taking the play to the Ephmen. Boosted by a controlled short passing game, Middlebury had the better of the play but could not capitalize. Scoring the first goal certainly could have destroyed the confidence of the struggling Ephmen, but Middlebury unfortunately could not convert.

Williams regained its characteristic form at the start of the second half, dominating the play and getting the game's first goal within ten minutes.

Using their height advantage and physical endurance, Williams wore Middlebury down and scored twice more in the half, ending any chance of a miraculous Homecoming comeback.

According to fullback Bill Fruhan '95, "the last twenty minutes of soccer in the first half was our best this season. We simply out-played the second best team in the nation in Division Three. In the second half, they just wore us down and dominated us."

The team takes its act on the road this week, first at perennial powerhouse Babson on Saturday, Oct. 23 and at Tufts on Tuesday, Oct. 26. With a 5-5 record, the Panthers will probably have to win their four remaining games to make the New England Small College Athletic Conference playoffs.

Panther Shorts

•**Women's Tennis** traveled to Boston last weekend to compete in back to back matches against Massachusetts Institute of Technology (MIT) and Brandeis. Helen Motter '96, Happy Hazelton '95 and Allison O'Hare '94 all won their singles matches against MIT, but that was not enough as MIT prevailed over the Panthers by a score of 6-3. In the Brandeis game, the Panthers won by a 4-3 margin. Although Ingersoll and Motter were defeated in close singles matches, O'Hare won in long, tiring games.

• **Platform Tennis** Parents Weekend Platform Tennis Round Robin will be held on Sunday, October 31. For information, call Breck Lardner at x5817 or Gail Smith at x5655.

• **Fall Break Field House and Fitness Center Hours**

Thursday, October 21	9am - 6pm
Friday, October 22	9am - 6pm
Saturday, October 23	CLOSED
Sunday, October 24	12pm - 9pm

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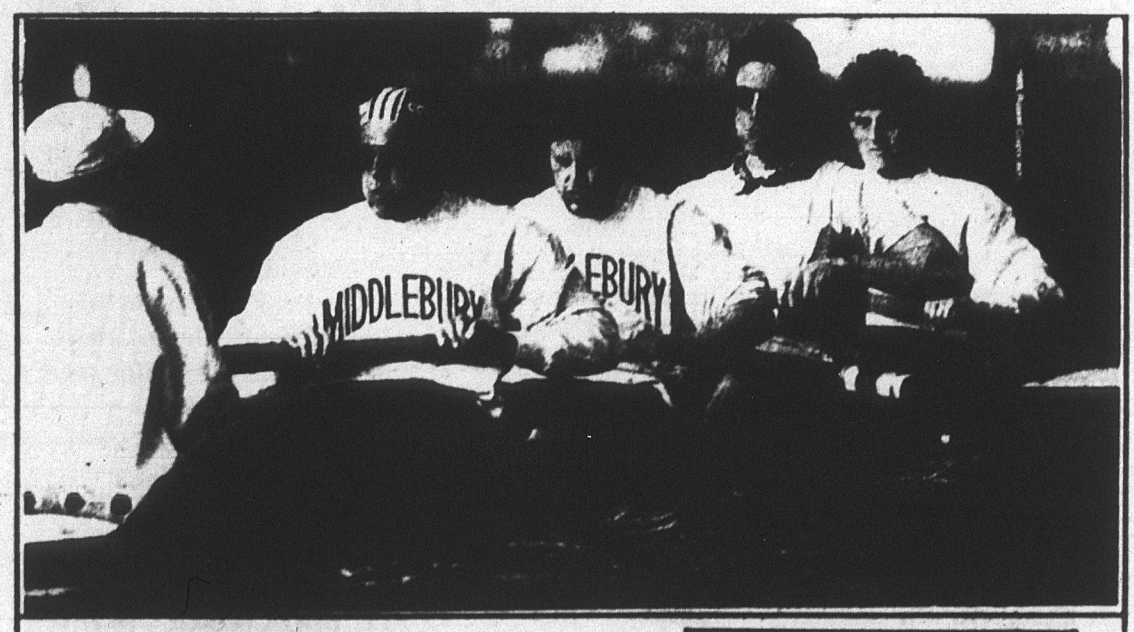

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Men's tennis doubles lead team

Team of Klingler and Coyne make semifinals

By Adam Gilden

Two weekends ago, the Middlebury College men's tennis team continued its string of outstanding performances by finishing the abbreviated fall season with a fine showing at the Eastern College Athletic Conference (ECAC) tournament in Albany.

The ECAC tournament consists of four singles flights, with 20 to 25 players in each flight. Steve Pozatek '95, playing in the first flight, reached the second round before falling to Mike Squillante of Queens College by a score of 7-6, 6-3.

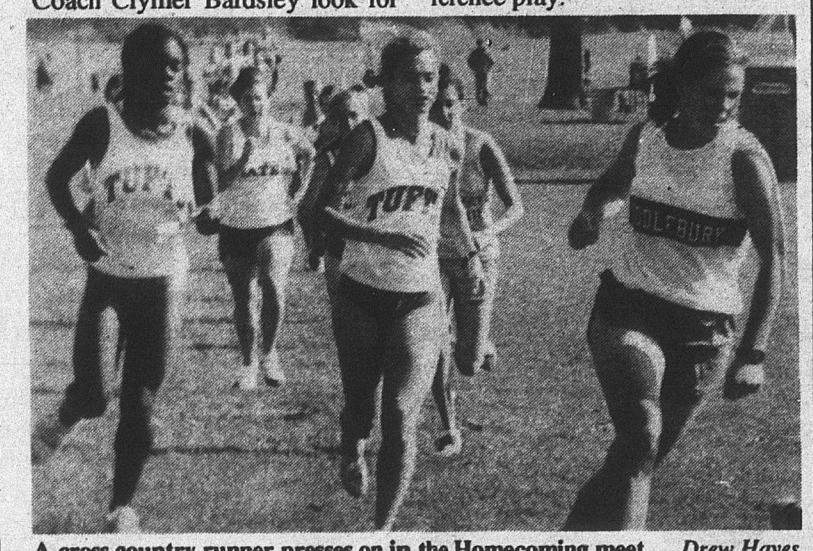
Chris Butler '94 lost in the first round of the second flight in a tough three set match to a stingy opponent from Lafayette College.

Oman Sloan '94 also reached the second round of the third flight before losing to Rob Wirstrom of the University of Rochester, 3-6, 7-6, 6-2.

The finest singles performance was turned in by Dan Schatz '94, who played in the fourth flight. Schatz reached the quarterfinals before falling to the eventual finalist in his draw, Lou Lupcino of University of Connecticut.

As has frequently been the case this fall and in the last year, the finest performance of all was by a doubles team.

The duo of Lance Klingler '95 and Dan Coyne '94 reached the semifinals, where they lost to the University of Connecticut team. Based on their results this fall, Head Coach Gail Smith and Assistant Coach Clymer Bardsley look for Klingler and Coyne to be a force this spring in upcoming New England Small College Athletic Conference play.



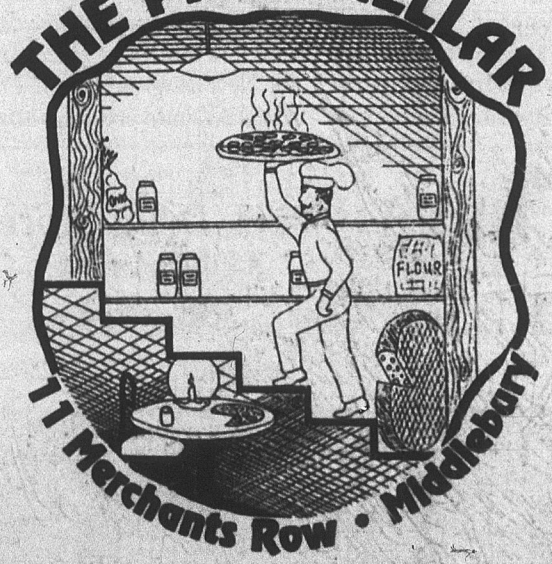
A cross country runner presses on in the Homecoming meet. *Drew Hayes*

Cross Country

(continued from page 28)

progresses. "Overall, the men ran well as a team, beating UMass-Dartmouth by a point. Jake and Ryder had strong races, but if we're going to score better as a team we need to get some people closer to those two," said Aldrich, noting that there was a two minute gap between his first and fifth runners.

Due to rule changes in the Northeast Small College Athletic Conference (NESCAC) and the National Collegiate Athletic Association (NCAA), there will be three New England teams making the trip to Iowa for this year's NCAA Championship meet instead of one. The Panther women have thus far lost only to Williams, a perennial power in Division III running. Middlebury is in good position to challenge for one of the three spots, having easily beaten every team they have faced. After the Albany Invitational this weekend, the Middlebury cross-country team will face three tough weeks of competition with NESCAC's, the Eastern College Athletic Conference and the NCAA qualifying meets on successive weekends.



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Juniors in pro draft shift focus from academics

By Neall Currie

In the last issue of the Campus, April Paris '94 addressed in her column, "Como Coco Bueno," Michael Jordan's retirement and its implications. I was glad to read her column because Paris covered an issue I had overlooked: what Michael Jordan's retirement meant for him as a role model.

Paris points out that unlike many of the younger stars of professional sports today, Jordan graduated from college before going on to the National Basketball Association (NBA). Today, more and more college athletes choose to go "hardship," making the jump to the professional level before finishing college.

How many people remember that registering for the draft early is called "hardship" because that was the only reason athletes were allowed to do so? Not long ago, the NBA and the National Football League (NFL) only allowed undergraduates to apply for the draft for financial reasons — to relieve their families of financial hardship.

Today, underclassmen choose to go pro, and are allowed to do so, for other financial reasons. An athlete has a great junior season, gets some national attention, and decides to go pro rather than take the chance of hurting his market value by having a bad season or getting injured his senior year. Team owners used to love it when a player went to the draft to relieve financial hardship. Who is easier to sign than a player who genuinely needs the money?

During both the NBA and NFL drafts this year, you could hear analysts claiming that without the juniors in the draft the talent pool was remarkably shallow. Figure it out, guys — all the best players from the current senior class got drafted as juniors. Any ideas why the senior classes seem less talented?

Each junior who goes out for the draft reinforces the impression that big-time college sports are nothing more than a low-cost farm system for the pros. Perhaps that's not just an impression, maybe it's true. Miami University and University of Nevada at Las Vegas certainly make it seem so.

As Paris points out, players like Shaquille O'Neal, Anfernee Hardaway and Chris Webber, who pulled the chute on their college careers, are sending the message that their athletic skills are more valuable than their education. In a strictly financial sense, its true. Very few 21 year olds are able to land jobs that pay seven million dollars a year, even with a degree from Middlebury. However, a similarly minuscule portion of high school athletes will land a scholarship at a big-time college, let alone go on to a lucrative pro career.

As long as colleges, the media and popular culture in general value a triple double over a 3.0 GPA — and don't think they don't, how many boosters does the Miami University Biology Department have? — college football and basketball will continue along the path toward being little more than developmental devices for the pro leagues.

As it is, colleges train athletes so well that they emerge ready to play at the professional level, so from a competitive and developmental standpoint, there is no need for a rookie or "farm" league. Each league has one, but they primarily serve the athletes that didn't go to college, or the college athletes who weren't good enough to go straight to the big time. I wonder, though, if the NBA and NFL couldn't raise the quality of their respective games by putting more stock into a developmental farm system. Imagine if O'Neal and Alonzo Mourning, the two best rookies in the NBA last year, had had a season in a rookie league to get more familiar with the pro game and get in condition for an NBA season.

Rookies typically fade in the second half of the season because the 82 game schedule is so much more taxing than what they played in college. Mourning didn't drop off because he sat out so much of the season in contract dispute. If he had been required to spend at least one year in a rookie league, he would have come into the league more polished and made an even greater impact.

A farm system makes financial sense for owners, too. Instead of doling out huge contracts to players who have yet to play a professional game, they could simply sign players to a minor league contract and the players would have to earn their way to the big time. Makes that extra scholarship year look like a better idea for a player, doesn't it?

A minor league could be a way to take the game to the international level, as both the NBA and NFL are trying to do. By their nature, developmental teams don't have the pressure to draw crowds that the big league teams do. By putting their farm team in Europe or Japan or another market they'd like to expand into, the mother club would not only expose that market to the game, but would create a new market for their merchandise. If Chris Webber played a season and a half for the Warsaw Warriors before being brought up to Golden State, you'd better believe there'd be some Golden State Warrior fans in Poland.

The presence of a rookie league would also take pressure off colleges to produce superstars at any cost, making a work ethic as important to athletes as flash. Heaven forbid, it might even bring a touch of ethics back into college athletics and bring the academic standards back up. Maybe then we'd see a few more role models and a few less endorsers.

Whitcomb dispels stereotypes in his quest to be the best

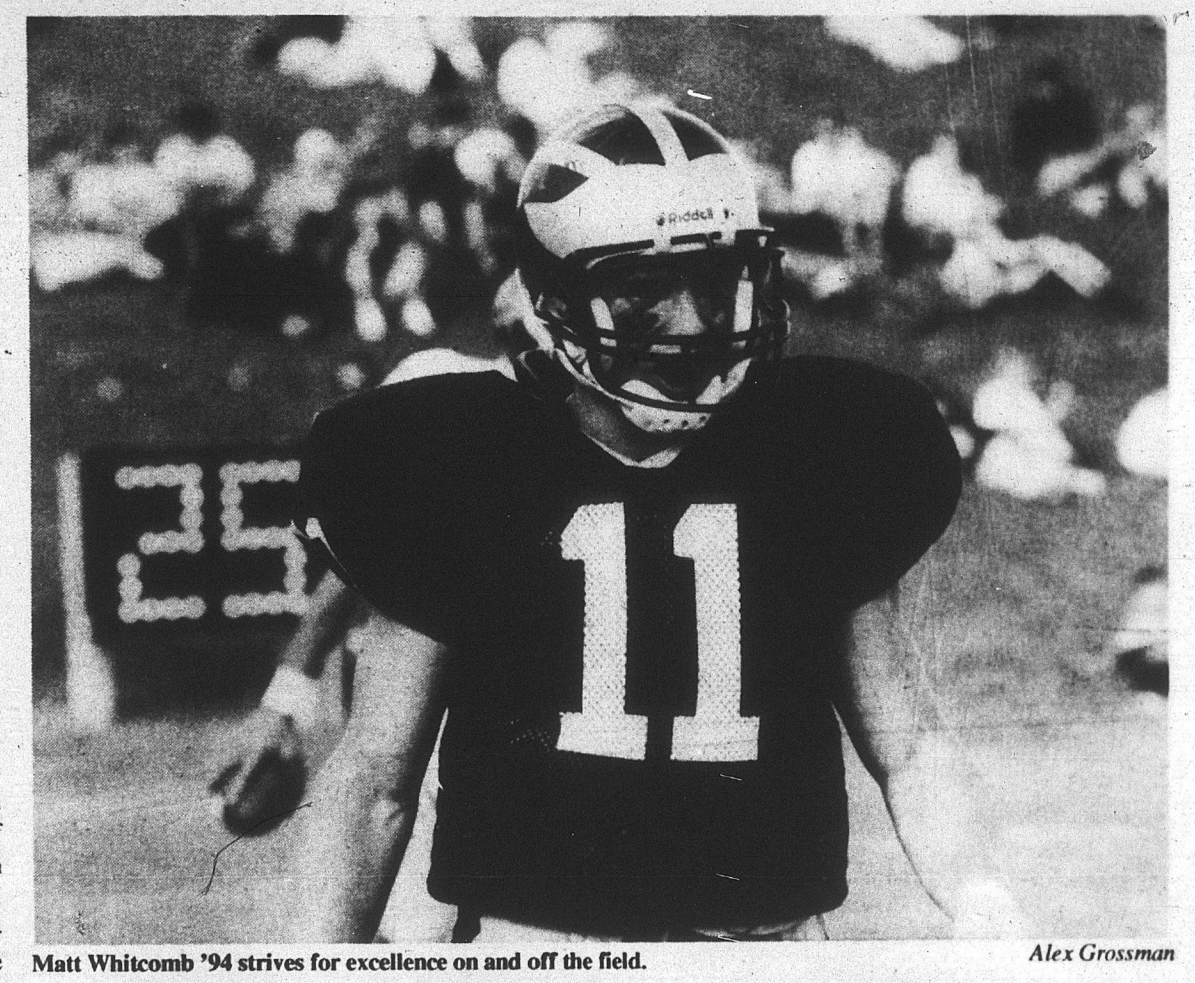
By Megan Feeney

To say that Matt Whitcomb '94 is a tremendous football player is to say the very least. Replace the phrase "tremendous football player" with "tremendous person" and you've come a hundred yards closer to the truth.

If you've been to a Middlebury football game in the past four seasons, you've heard the announcer's call: "running back and co-captain Whitcomb makes another great play." There's really no need for further commentary, which is exactly how Whitcomb feels. "Football has shaped my life," he says. But it is clear that the form Whitcomb takes is not determined by shoulder pads and spandex pants.

"I've had to work hard at football. It's taught me that you've got to be faster, and you've got to be better. But, I don't differentiate between football and school. I'm in the library for hours and hours. If I'm going to do something, I'm going to do it the best way I can."

A Spanish and International Politics and Economics (IPE) double major with a 3.4 grade point average, Whitcomb's best is certainly pretty good. A member of the Judicial Committee, the Curriculum Committee and the Athletic Policy Committee, with three jobs to boot, Whitcomb is doing his part to dispel the regrettable "strong football stereotype on campus." He has a soft-spoken intelligence and a glacier-melting warmth of heart. He says people often admit that this surprises them.



Matt Whitcomb '94 strives for excellence on and off the field. *Alex Grossman*

Of preconceived notions, Whitcomb says, "I don't get mad. I'd rather sit with someone for three hours and let them know who I really am."

But three hours probably wouldn't be enough to come full circle in Whitcomb's well-rounded personality. Maybe in the first hour you'd start talking about his nine month stay in Costa Rica last year. You wouldn't be quick to direct the conversation from this adventure. Whitcomb was the only one in his group of American students that requested to live with a lower class family. He might linger for a while on his admiration of their idea of family and their generosity in sharing it with him. It might take you a while to calculate the hours of his day there: taking classes, interning at a federal bank and teaching English to a group of Costa Rican workers. He was determined to immerse himself entirely in the culture, "really getting to know the people."

From there, the conversation might logically lead to a discussion of his plans for the future. Whitcomb spent the January before he went to Costa Rica interning as an interpreter for an immigration lawyer in Washington, D.C. and working with Latin American refugees, victims of human rights abuse. Since his stay in Costa Rica, Whitcomb has been wrestling with the idea of joining the Peace Corps after graduation.

"Witnessing what it's like to live in the Third World really helps you solidify what you've guessed at before. You want to do anything you can to help out."

Now you've absorbed two hours of his life and have spilled out at least two hours of your own. Don't think for a minute that Whitcomb would talk about himself for two hours without soliciting your opinion.

Four hours later, you're deeper into the enigma. So, you quiz him on his life motto, grappling for an easy answer. "What's your secret?"

He laughs, saying, "You only live once." And suddenly, the cliché takes on new meaning. You have departed far from the stereotype by now. Whitcomb's not talking about recklessness, slamming bodies on the football field. He's talking about going out and attacking life, driving at everything the best way he knows how.

To say Matt Whitcomb is a tremendous football player is to say the very, very least.

Under new crew coach women place second, men defeat rival

By Eli Hengst

In its second race under new head Coach Blair Harlow, the Middlebury Rowing Club's women's varsity eight led a string of impressive finishes last Saturday in the New Hampshire Championship Regatta in Hookset, New Hampshire.

The varsity eight rowed the twisty three mile course in 20 minutes and 54 seconds to come in second, handily beating boats from Bates, Brandeis and Boston College.

"It was great; a total rush of adrenaline," said Heather Johnson '94, who rows six seat. "During the first mile we just focused on ourselves. In the second mile Bryan, our coxswain, said 'O.K., we're going to start taking boats.' Right after that we walked Brandeis and then walked two more."

Coach Blair Haarlow, a recent Princeton graduate who came to Middlebury after coaching at Northwestern, was pleased by the women's finish and the potential they displayed.

"I felt that the women accomplished their goals for this race — to implement their technique and to row more aggressively," said Haarlow. "They gained a lot of confidence from this race that will help them as we move into the last races of the season."

Coxed by Bryan Wentzell '96, the boat was comprised of stroke Krista Nickerson '94, Elisa Arnheim '94, Emilie Mennel '96, Alison Rooney '96, Stacey Gannon '94, Johnson, Karen Berthiaume '94 and bow Tina Lopez-Gottardi '95.

Wentzell, the coxswain, responsible for steering the boat, devising a race strategy and motivating the rowers at the height of their exhaustion, praised his rowers for their performance. "We were behind Brandeis for the first 1000 meters, but after that we started moving through them. Their morale went down and ours went up. We're a good boat with a lot of potential," he said.

"Their morale went down and ours went up. We're a good boat with a lot of potential." —Bryan Wentzell '96

The men's varsity lightweight four, in their first race together, did not fare as well.

The lightweights, racing in an open field, placed sixth out of 10, finishing seconds behind boats from the Massachusetts Institute of Technology (MIT) and Bates. They did defeat several schools, including rival University of Massachusetts at Lowell.

The four, coxed by Alyson Piskorowski '94, was manned by stroke Eli Hengst '95, Chad Peck '95, Jason Stull '94 and bowman Nick Nebolsine '94. Though disappointed with their finish, they took it in stride, looking to a week of hard practice to come together in their new boat.

"It's a good base," said Nebolsine. "We know what we have to do to get ready for the Head of the Charles."

The women's open four also turned in a respectable finish, placing ninth in a field of 16 crews. Coxed by Elizabeth Rosenberg, the boat is comprised of stroke Alyson Piskorowski '96, Desiree DeVries '94, Lisa Polizzi '95 and Claudine Coto '95.

The novice rowers, who are in their first year of collegiate competition, gained their first racing experience at the championships. The novice men's eight did especially well, walking several boats on their way to a fourth place finish, only two seconds behind third place Bates.

Both women's boats finished strong, coming in 10 and 11 in a large field of boats from Boston College, St. Anselm, Bates, MIT and many other schools.

Novice Coach Phil Busse '91 was beaming for days after the race. "The novices left Lake Dunmore on Saturday not knowing what to expect in their first race. By the end of day, we were feared by the other New England schools. The next time they see us on the water they'll be shaking in their stretchers."

On Sunday, October 24 both the mens' varsity lightweight four and the mens' varsity heavyweight four will row in the Head of the Charles in Boston, Massachusetts.

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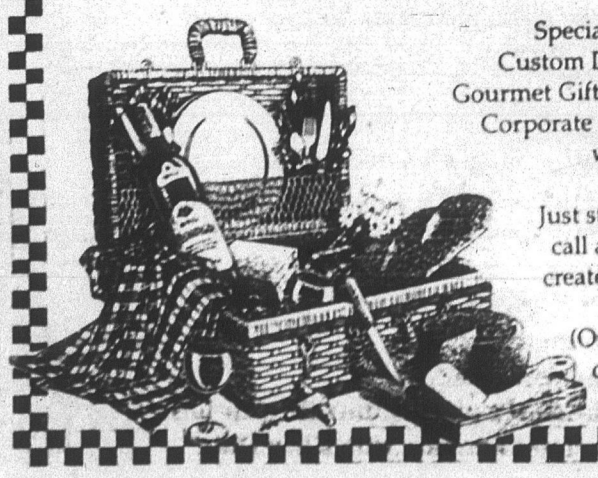
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page 28

The Middlebury Campus
Sports

Field Hockey loses a close one to Smith, page 25

Thursday, October 21, 1993

Erica Peterson '94 shrugs off a Williams opponent. *Alex Grossman*

Women's soccer blasts Norwich, Hamilton

By Rob Merrill

Women's Soccer	
Middlebury	5
Hamilton	0

In the midst of an up and down season in which the ball has not often bounced their way, the Middlebury women's soccer team finally realized the tip of their vast potential this week, punishing Norwich 4-1 on Tuesday, October 12 and crushing Hamilton 5-0 at home on Saturday, October 16.

Both games were dominated from start to finish by the Panthers, allowing Coach Bill Beaney an opportunity to play many players and try out various formations as the team gears up for the final push into the playoffs.

The offense played in high gear for both contests. Three players, K.D. Falso '94, Jen Hefner '97 and Sarah Archabal '95 accounted for all nine of the week's goals.

Tri-captain and leading goal scorer Falso notched two goals during each game to raise her season point total to 20 (9 goals, 2 assists). Hefner, the team's second leading scorer at 19 (7 goals, 5 assists), struck once against Norwich and twice against Hamilton. Archabal rounded out the scoring with a goal in each game.

Although the "Big Three" collected the points, the team on the whole played their most consistent ball of the season.

The defense was steady and easily distributed the ball to the midfield, helping goalie Virginia Crosa '97 to lower her goals against average to 1.3.

The Panther halfbacks dominated the middle third of the field, winning the 50-50 balls and playing the ball wide to the wings on attack. In all, the games were best described as "two very comfortable wins" by stopper Erica Peterson '94.

The Panther's offensive explosion comes at just the right time. They finish the regular season with a homestand versus St. Lawrence on Oct. 25 and Trinity on Oct. 30.

Coach Beaney has considered this team excellent from the beginning, despite their dry stretch in which they simply "didn't get the results."

He echoed the feelings of the team when he said that they will need to play with the same intensity they displayed this week to make the playoffs. Three wins in four games will secure a playoff spot.

Williams avenges last year's loss

By Neall Currie

Football	
Middlebury	6
Williams	14

How about that home field advantage? You know, teams feel more comfortable in their own arena, where the crowd is on their side, the ball bounces their way and the opponent is out of their element. Isn't that how it works?

For the Middlebury Panthers this season, home field advantage means a short walk home after the game. Undefeated on the road, the team lost their second home game to Williams Saturday, 14-6.

In both home games this year, the breaks have gone against them, the calls have gone against them, the calls go away from them and Saturday the officials gave Williams some gifts that should have been tax-deductible.

The Panther defense, which has only given up 28 points in their four games, was as stingy as they ever are. Williams had only 285 yards total offense and came up with two interceptions and two fumble recoveries. The difference was that this time, they got hurt by big plays. "We just didn't capitalize when we needed to, and had a couple of tough breaks," said senior defensive end Todd Wallen.

"They had great field position in the first half," said senior co-captain Paul Casarico. "The defense was opportunistic, making things happen, but we had some mental breakdowns. You can't do that against Williams." When you do, Williams makes their own plays happen.

Early in the second quarter, the Ephs quarterback kept the ball for a big conversion on fourth and two to get a first and goal inside the Middlebury ten yard line. On the next play they scored to go ahead 6-0.

The Panther offense could not seem to make any breaks of their own. "A fumble or interception would kill a drive," said halfback Terrence Bradford '96. "Then we got hurt by bad calls." Late in the second quarter, on fourth down conversion, quarterback Scott Pokrywa '96 completed a pass to senior running back Matt Whitcomb in the end zone, but the play was negated by a questionable illegal motion call.

The drive stalled and the Panthers took a six point deficit into the locker room.

In the second half, Williams took their first possession down the field and scored again. "That was our worst defensive series in two years," said Casarico. "It was like we never left the locker room." The Ephs completed a two point conversion to go up 14-0 and put the Panthers in their deepest hole of the season.

Middlebury made a shot at a comeback midway through the fourth quarter. The defense tightened back down, forcing Williams to play several three-and-out series.

The offense finally put together a series, topping it off with an uncharacteristic play for Middlebury's run-oriented offense. Wide receiver Doug Clarner '94 got the ball on a reverse and rather than running with it, completed a pass to junior tight end Ryan Sullivan for the Panthers only score.

Next week the Panthers travel to Maine to take on Bates. The Bobcats should give Middlebury a new look, as it is one of the few NESCAC teams that relies heavily on a passing game.

Terence Bradford '96 takes a pitch and breaks to the outside. *Alex Grossman*

Cross country women dominate New England

By Zachary Caldwell

The Middlebury men's and women's cross country teams hosted some strong New England competition Saturday and posted encouraging results.

The women's team ran against Tufts, Bates and University of Massachusetts-Dartmouth, winning easily with a total of 26 points. Tufts followed with 48 points and then Bates had a team total of 50.

Senior Kristen Daly kept her shoes on and led the Middlebury women with her third victory in four races this season.

Middlebury runners occupied ten spots in the top twenty. Leslie St. Lawrence '97 finished in third place, Michelle Anastasio '97 took fourth, Amy Hollingsworth '94 came in seventh and Sarah Rebick '97 placed 11th.

Casey Clifford '96, Kate Kerschbaum '96, Riikka Pakkala '96, Jen Hodgen '95 and Kate Bishop '96 also ran impressive races.

Coach Terry Aldrich was understandably pleased with what he called the "total domination" of the women's team.

"They went up against a couple of the top teams in New England, Bates and Tufts, and won convincingly. There is no doubt that they are one of the top teams in New England," Aldrich said.

The Middlebury men's team did not enjoy the same domination, running against Tufts and University of Mass-Dartmouth. With seven runners placing in the top eleven, the Tufts team won the meet with the same ease as the Panther women.

Despite a disappointing team finish, there were some good individual performances by the Middlebury men. Jake Kritzer '95 and Ryder Clifford '94 led the team, taking fourth and fifth places, respectively.

Cisco Heller '95 came in 11th, Zach Laidley '95 placed 15th and Sean Kerwin '95 finished 17th to round out Panther scoring. Ollie Truog '95 and Brendan Fitzsimons '95 also ran well, coming in 19th and 20th.

While he was pleased with the effort of the men's team, Coach Aldrich would like to see the squad pull together as the season

(Continued on page 26)